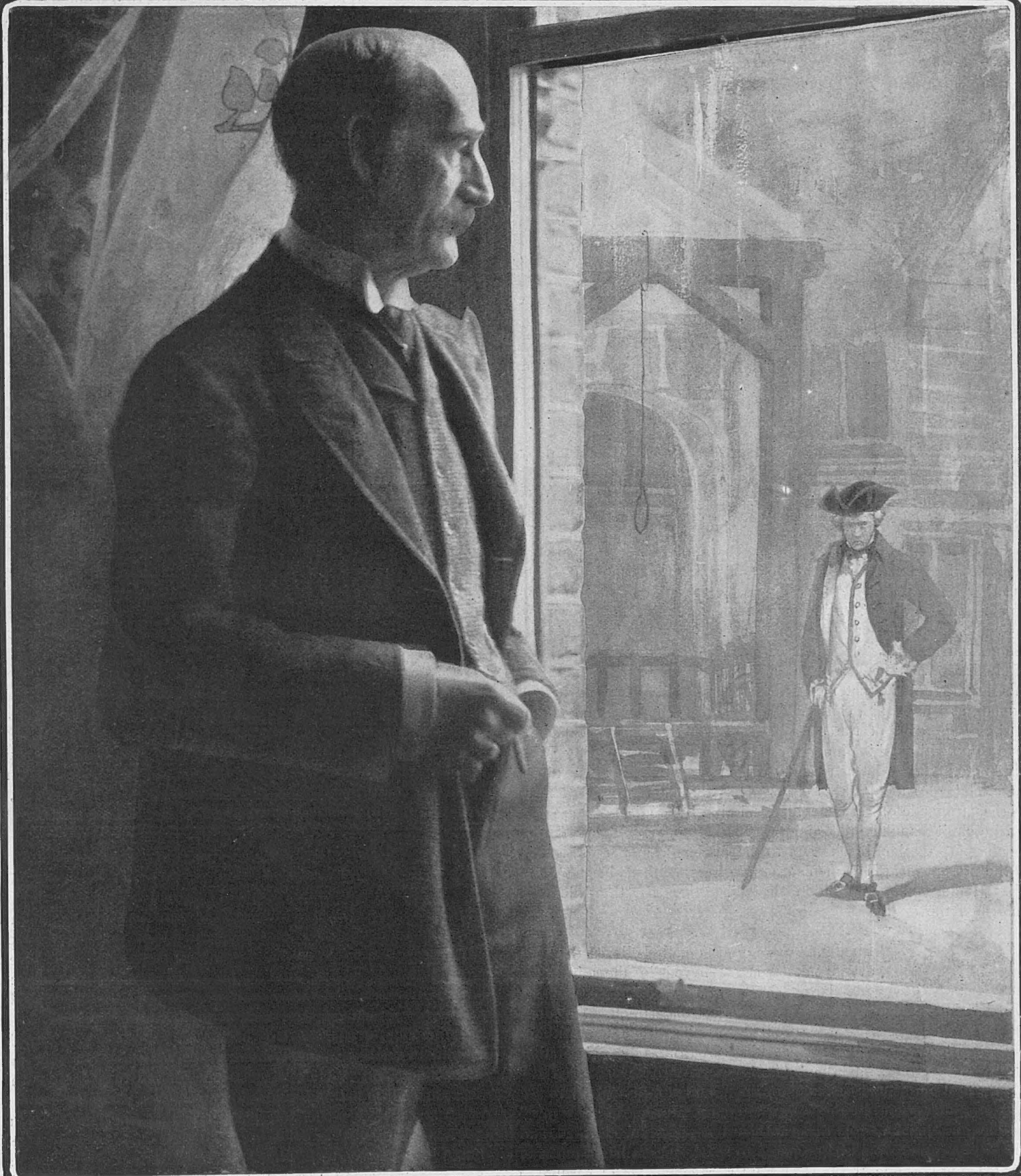


# The Sketch

No. 772.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

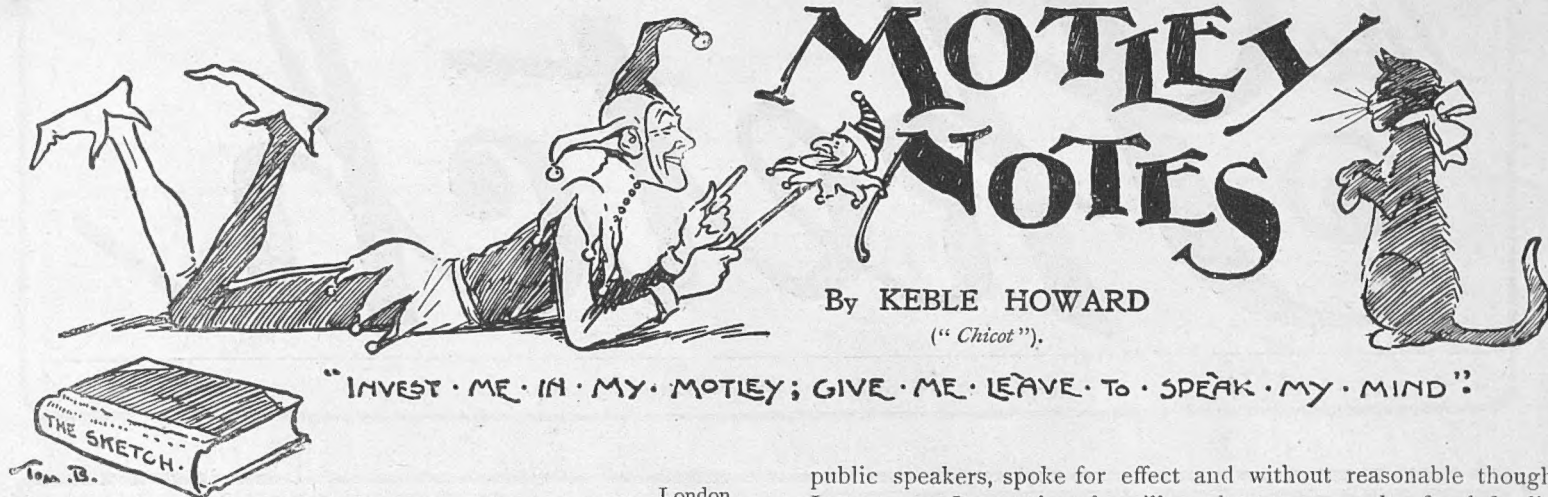


## THE DRAMATISTS' "DEVIL'S DISCIPLE": THE MUCH-ABUSED MR. G. A. REDFORD, EXAMINER OF PLAYS.

Mr. Redford, the Examiner of Plays, who, by reason of his office, has been a much-abused man of late, has long had an aversion from sitting to the photographer. At last, however, he has succumbed, and the result is here given, with a "Sketch" addition, in the form of the vision of Mr. Granville Barker, the author of "Waste," as General Burgoyne, outside the window. At the moment, at all events, the dramatists regard Mr. Redford as the "devil's disciple," although, of course, their wrath is against his office, and not in any way against him personally.

*Setting by "The Sketch", photograph of Mr. Redford by the Illustrations Bureau.*





### The Case for Miss Mather.

The latest victim of the speech-making habit is Miss Mather. Miss Mather succumbed at Sheffield, and the outbreak took the curious form of an indictment of masculine evening-dress. Miss Mather handled this subject as vigorously as though it had never been handled by anybody before. "Man's evening-dress," she declared passionately, "is a monstrosity, consisting of some dingy material cut into meaningless angles, relieved in the middle by one large sheet of raw white cardboard." You will note, of course, that there are several serious mistakes in this statement. In the first place, man's evening-dress, so far from being a monstrosity, is the nearest approach to civilisation in costume that has yet been attained. The head, for example, is left bare. The head of a woman in evening-dress too often resembles the head of a savage warrior in full war-paint. On Tuesday evening of last week, whilst sitting in the stalls of a West-End theatre in the year of grace nineteen hundred and seven, I had immediately in front of me a stout lady wearing a mass of green feathers in her hair. Being at the theatre on business, I was compelled to go to the box-office and ask for another seat. Kindly note, dear Miss Mather.

### And the Case Against Her.

Even Miss Mather, I suppose, will not deny that a man in evening dress is considerate enough to leave his head unadorned. Very well, then. To certain minds there is something rather uncivilised in a liberal display of bare skin, especially in the evening. When men play football, they leave their necks and their knees bare for the sake of freedom. They do the same when they row and swim. But there is no urgent reason why women should go to see them play football, or row, or swim. In the evening, men cover up their necks, not because they consider them any less beautiful than the necks of women, but because they have attained a higher state of civilisation. Women leave their necks bare in the evening, and this despite the fact that men will be compelled to see them. A woman, as I have said, can easily stay away from a football match if she disapproves of the costumes, but you can hardly expect a man to go without his dinner for the same reason. Leaving Miss Mather staggering, let us pass on to the next point. "Some dingy material." I should like to tell Miss Mather that our evening clothes are made of very fine black cloth. There is no more exquisite cloth manufactured, and there is certainly no better colour for the purpose than black. As to the angles, I am not quite sure of the present fashion in men's evening-dress at Sheffield, but when Miss Mather comes to London she will notice that the tailor has abolished the angle.

### Summing-Up and Verdict.

Finally, Miss Mather actually believes that our evening-dress is "relieved in the middle by one large sheet of raw white cardboard." Miss Mather, evidently, is not of a frivolous disposition. She does not go to dances. I defy any woman to waltz with a man without looking, if only for a moment, at his shirt-front. If Miss Mather had ever waltzed with a man she would have discovered that the white patch on his chest is made of linen, and not of cardboard. I am not quite certain, by the way, what our orator means by "raw" cardboard. Is it possible that cardboard is sometimes cooked, and that Miss Mather would be prepared to speak in less harsh terms of our evening costume if the shirt-front were composed of cardboard boiled or roast? But it may be that she has been carelessly reported, and that "raw" is a misprint for "ragged." I hope not, because the raggedness of the shirt-front is really a very serious reflection on her own sex. . . . And so to conclude. I think I have made it clear that Miss Mather, after the manner of many

public speakers, spoke for effect and without reasonable thought. In any case, I trust that she will not bear me a grudge for defending the one costume of which civilisation has a genuine right to be proud. It will be a sorry day for England when men leave their necks bare in the evening, wear green feathers in their hair, and cut themselves in twain somewhere about the middle.

### With Every Apology.

Whilst writing the above paragraph, a little verse came into my head. I am sorry to bore you with it, but I know of no other way of forgetting it. The odd thing is that this verse is by way of being a tiny parody of a comparatively old song—"The Miller's Daughter." Surely one could hardly pay a more striking compliment to Mr. Paul Rubens! Here is the verse—

### THE MILKMAN'S DAUGHTER.

*Air—"The Miller's Daughter."*

She was a milkman's daughter,  
And watered down the milk,  
Fast and free ran the water—  
And she wore watered silk.

May be sung without fee or acknowledgment.

### Pity My Simplicity!

Now that the latest little agitation on the subject of the censorship of plays has all blown over, now that the petitions have been signed and presented, and the managers gravely interviewed, and Mr. Redford photographed smiling, and the teeth of the petitioners gnashed, I should like to ask the dissatisfied ones a few simple questions. For example—

(1) Do you regard the theatre as (a) a shop, or (b) a Home of Thought, or (c) a Moral Cleansing-House?

(2) (a) If as a shop, have you not the ability to trade successfully in a recognised class of goods? (b) If as a Home of Thought, has it never occurred to you that people *en masse* are incapable of clear and steady thought, and that the playhouse is, therefore, the last place in the world for the calm consideration of any very grave social question? (c) If as a Moral Cleansing-House, why do you despise the lecture-platform, and the pulpit, and the market-place?

(3) Do you think that the art of the dramatist is more concerned with Matter than with Manner? If you do, why quarrel with the crude effects of melodrama? Why not write a play round, say, vivisection, with practical illustrations on the stage?

### Plays in Everything.

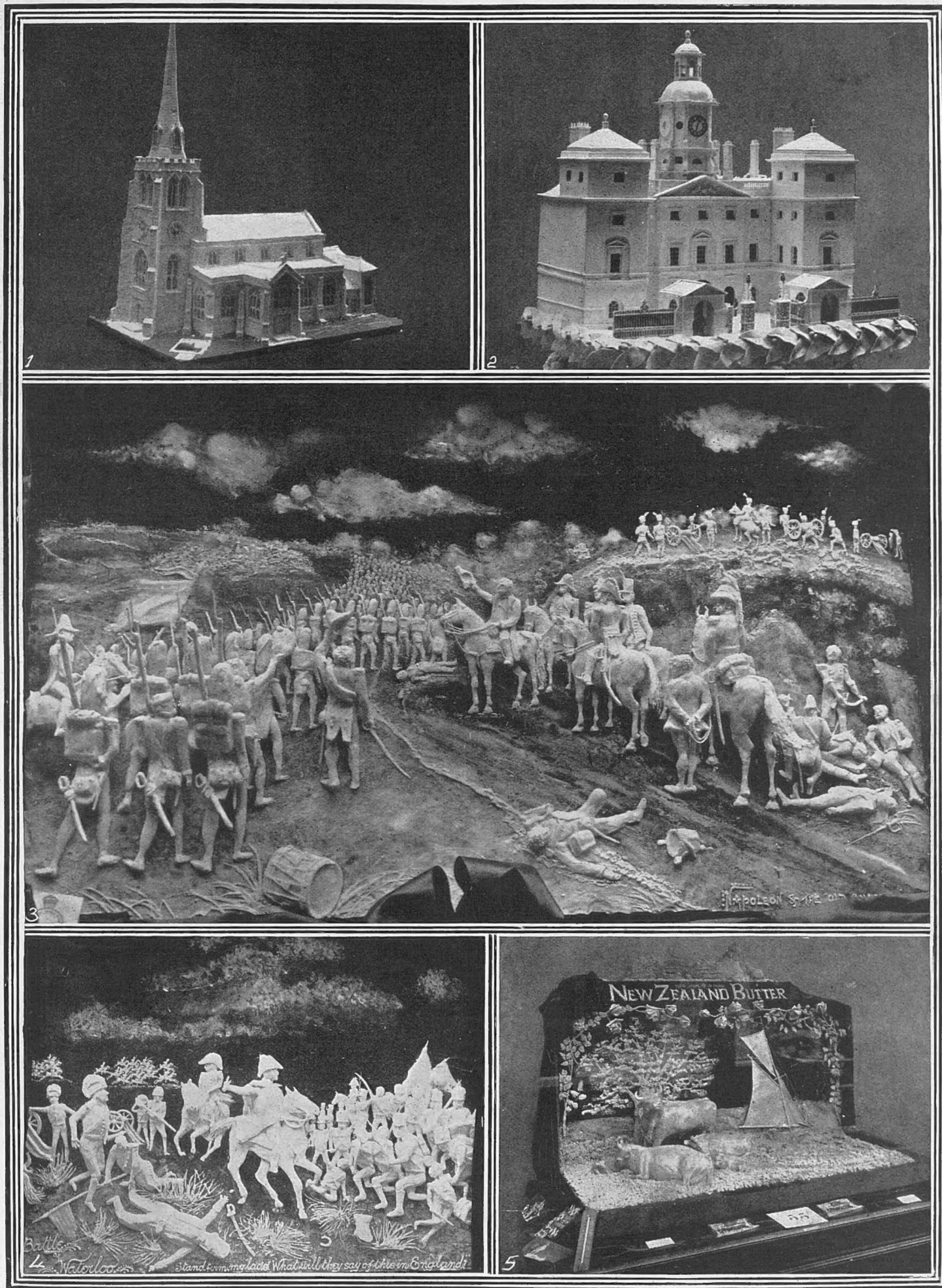
It must be obvious to anybody with the least gumption that, if the theatre were not a money-making concern, we should hear nothing whatever of the iniquities of the Censor. The man with a passionate desire to reform mankind would act his play in the open, or write a book on the subject, or deliver lectures. He may retort that book-writing and lecturing are not his mediums: that he is a dramatist, and must therefore express himself through the medium of drama. I reply that, if he is a dramatist, he can make a fine play out of the "A B C" time-table. (Have you ever heard Harold Samuel illustrate an hotel advertisement on the piano?) There are fifty social subjects of infinitely greater importance than those barred by Mr. Redford. Let me take up a daily paper and pick out the first paragraph that I see. Here you are: "When informed by a police-sergeant that an ejection order was going to be served upon him, James Pugh, forty-eight, a Chiswick gardener, remarked, 'Here's luck!' and swallowed a quantity of laudanum. At Acton Police-court yesterday he expressed regret for his act and was discharged." Can't you see three fine acts in that paragraph, Mr. Petitioner? The subject would not be a "sensational" one, and the success of your play would therefore depend upon your personal skill.

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# BATTLES IN SUGAR; AND OTHER DEVICES AT THE COOKERY AND FOODS EXHIBITION.



1. A MODEL OF WIMBLEDON PARISH CHURCH IN SUGAR.

2. A MODEL OF WHITEHALL IN SUGAR.

3. "NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD" IN SUGAR.

4. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN SUGAR.

5. A DESIGN IN NEW ZEALAND BUTTER.

*Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.*



# THE WEDDING OF "MME. LOUISE DE FRANCE"; AND THE NEW KNIGHTS OF MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.



Photo. by Franzen.

THE BRIDEGROOM OF NEXT SATURDAY'S ROYAL WEDDING:  
PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON.



Photo. by Botssonas and Tapontier.

THE BRIDE OF NEXT SATURDAY'S ROYAL WEDDING:  
PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE.

The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Her full name is Louise Françoise, and her official title is "Madame Louise de France." She was born on February 24, 1882. The Duc d'Orléans is, of course, her brother. The bridegroom is a son of the late Comte de Caserta, a son of King Ferdinand II. of Naples, and is a widower. His first wife, whom he married in 1901, was the Infanta of Spain, Princess of Asturias, the sister of King Alfonso.

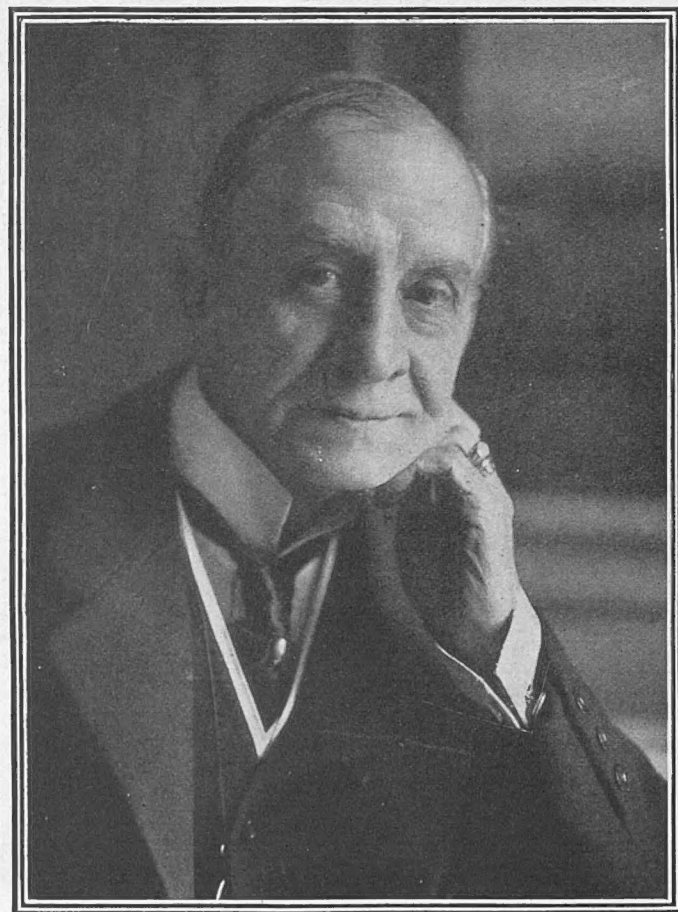


Photo. by Halfones.

THE THEATRICAL BIRTHDAY-KNIGHT: SIR JOHN HARE.

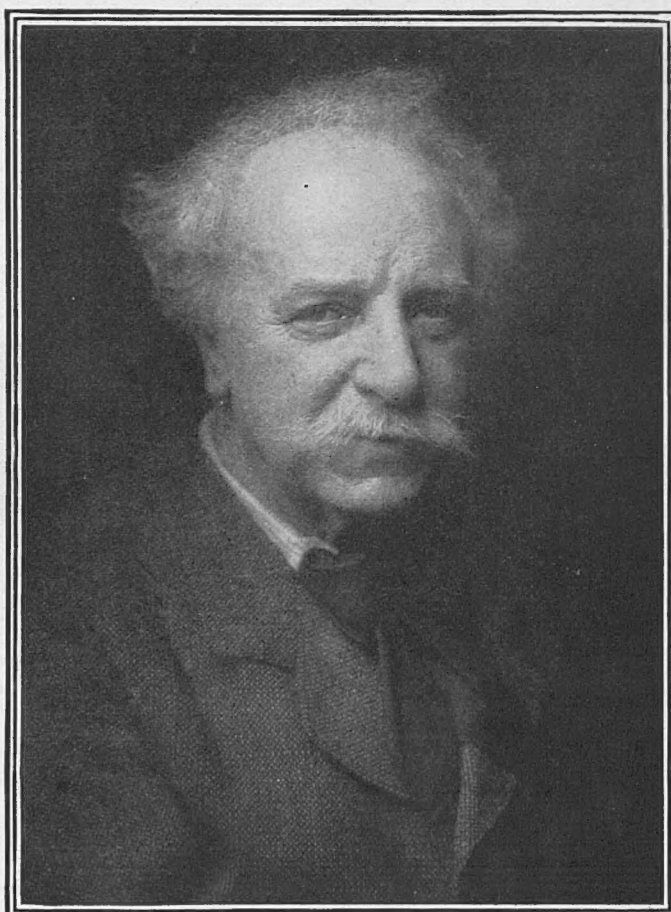


Photo. by Histed.

THE MUSICAL BIRTHDAY-KNIGHT: SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

The King honoured the theatrical and musical professions in the latest birthday honours by knighting Mr. John Hare and Mr. Charles Santley. Mr. Hare began his theatrical career as an amateur, and received his first engagement as a professional in 1864, under J. L. Toole. He made his first great "hit" with his Lord Ptarmigan in "Society," and later was enormously successful in such plays as "Ours," "Caste" (in which he was the Eccles), and "School." Of his comparatively recent successes, his Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles," and his Quex in "The Gay Lord Quex" are the most notable. He gave a command performance of "A Quiet Rubber" before the King last Saturday, and is to give "A Pair of Spectacles" at Windsor to-morrow (Thursday). He is now making his farewell tour. Sir Charles Santley, the famous baritone, is in his 73rd year, and celebrated his professional jubilee in May of this year. He delivered his first solo in public fifty-nine years ago in the Unitarian Chapel, Toxteth Park.



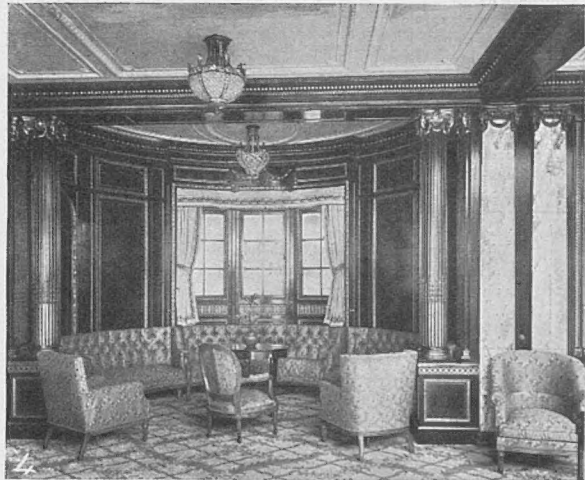
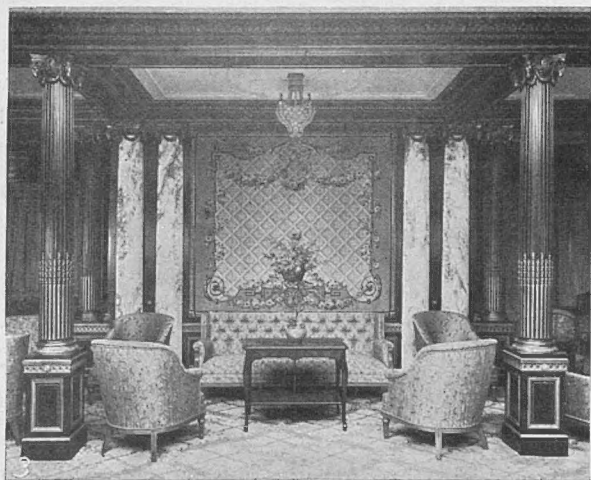
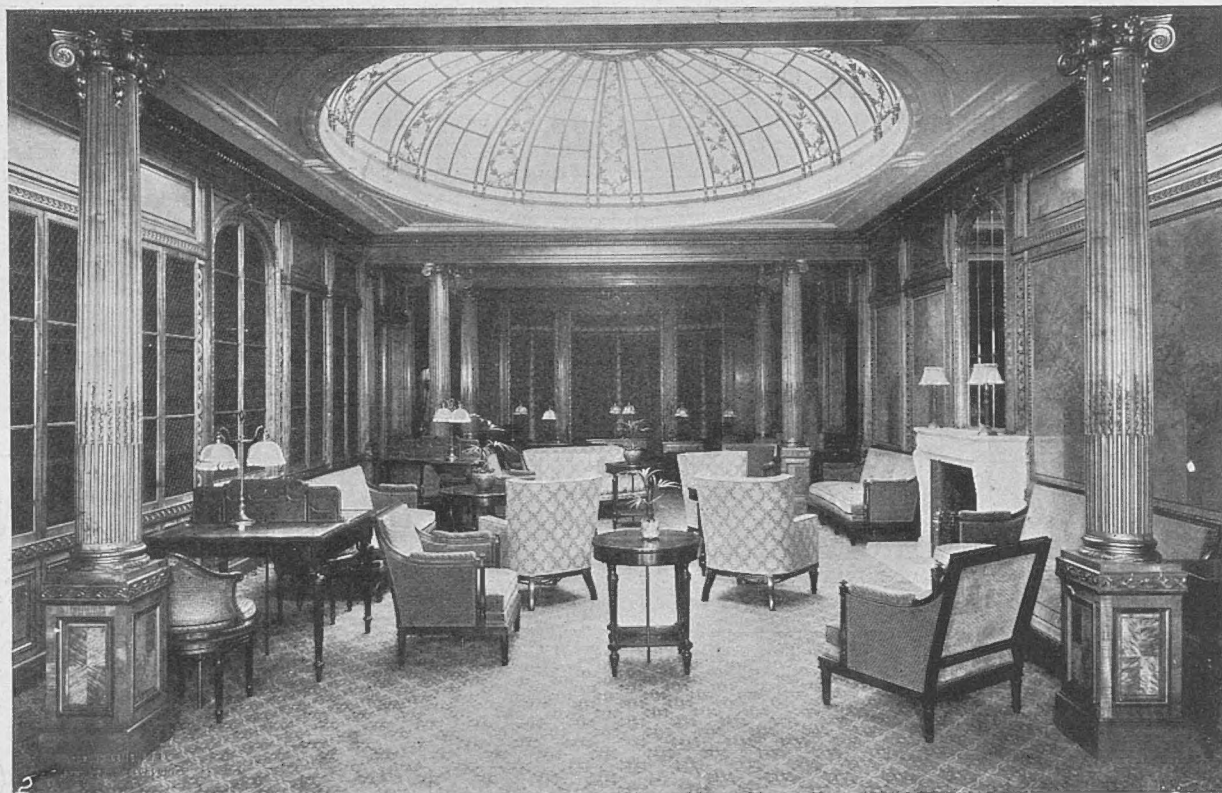
## THE RECORD-BREAKING "MAURETANIA": A FLOATING HOME.

FINE FURNISHING ON A FINE VESSEL: THE NEW CUNARDER'S LOUNGE AND LIBRARY.

IN the wonderful development of Transatlantic steamships nothing is more striking than the evolution of the ideal towards which the decorator strives. Hitherto this has been the "floating hotel." In the "Mauretania," which is an improvement even on her sister-ship, the "Lusitania," something simpler and yet richer has been achieved. This has been done by making the living-rooms appertain in their decoration and appointments to those of a home of the best class.



Looking at the lounge and the library of this wonderful ship, which can carry over three thousand souls on every trip, one unconsciously pays a tribute of admiration to Mr. H. A. Peto, the architect, who has managed to hide all the necessary funnels, stanchions, vents, etc., behind beautiful decorations, which have been carried out by Messrs. C. Mellier and Co., of Albemarle Street, W., a firm whose name stands for the highest in the world of household decoration.



1. A CORNER OF THE LOUNGE.

2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LIBRARY.

3. BEAUTIFUL DECORATION IN THE LOUNGE.

4. A COSY CORNER IN THE LOUNGE.

With the revival of appreciation for the Louis Seize style of decoration it was, perhaps, inevitable that the first great steam-ship departing from the hotel standard should have its decorative scheme planned on the Louis Seize model. The lounge and the library of the "Mauretania" recall the Petit Trianon. A stately elegance and a quiet grandeur characterise these rooms by Messrs. Mellier and Co., in which, in the future, the passengers will assemble after dinner, or when they are tired of pacing the decks and watching the ever-changing sea. In short, it may be said that the decorations of the "Mauretania" add a new and altogether unexpected reading to the famous line that "those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep." Certainly nothing so beautiful and so refined has been seen before on a steam-ship.



**GARRICK.**—Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH will make their re-appearance TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, in a play, in four acts, entitled *SIMPLE SIMON*, by Murray Carson and Norah Keith. First Matinee Sat. next at 2.30.

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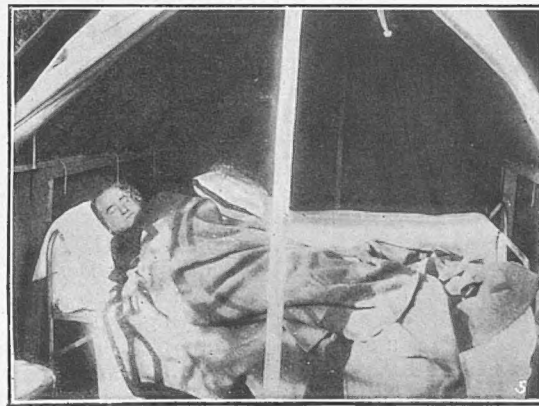
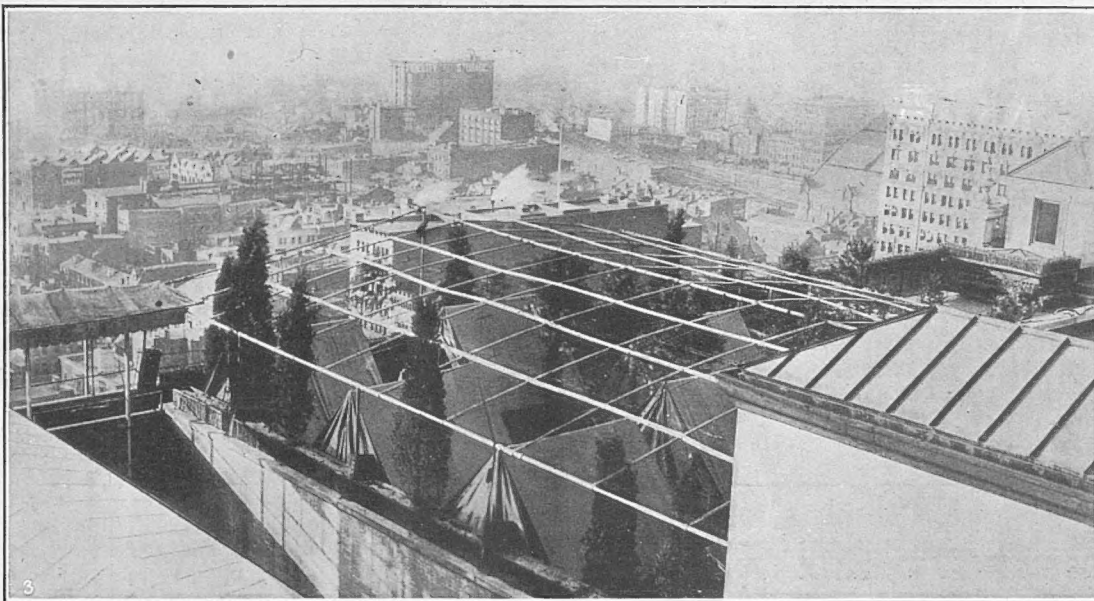
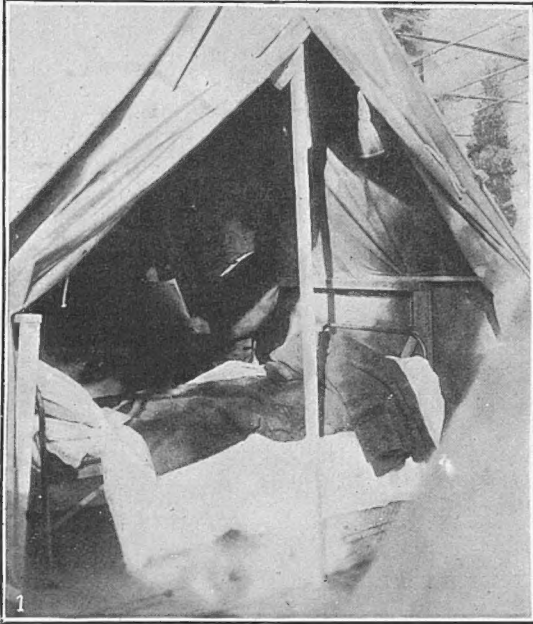
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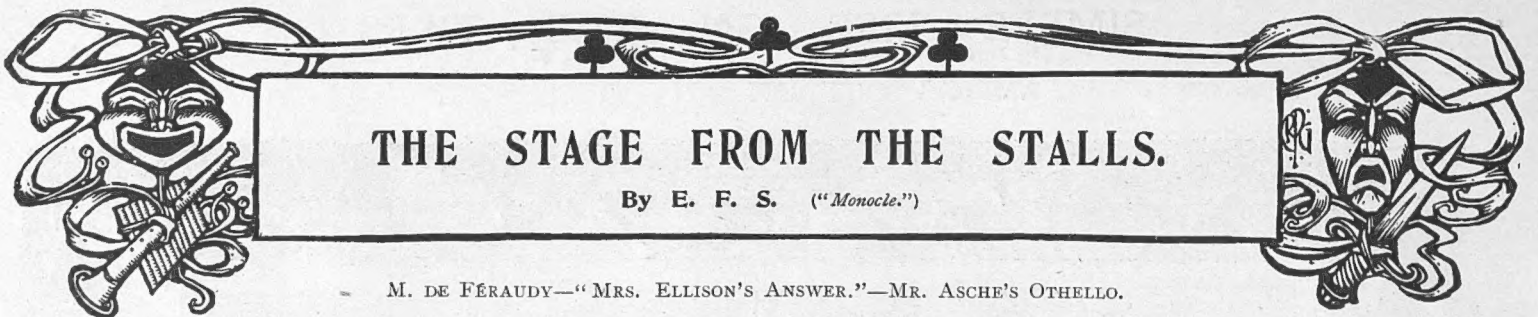
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5. DREAMING OF THE PINE FORESTS.

Certain advocates of the comparatively simple life are inhabiting a camp pitched on the roof of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. The members of the camp, who are the envy of thousands of their fellows, are most enthusiastic about their experience. One of them has said, "There is a distant hum from the city far below that is inexpressibly soothing to the nerves; one is lulled to sleep by the subdued music of the streets, which up there comes blended into a harmony that suggests soft music on a grand organ." The tents cannot be said to resemble altogether those of the real camp, for they are lighted by electricity, and are comfortably, if simply, furnished. A waiter is always within call, and any of the hotel luxuries can be obtained at short notice.

*Photographs by the P.-J. Press Bureau.*





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

M. DE FÉRAUDY—"MRS. ELLISON'S ANSWER."—MR. ASCHE'S OTHELLO.

M. DE FÉRAUDY'S week was one of the most interesting of the French season at the New Royalty. Slowly but surely the actor has won his way to the first rank, and now may be regarded as one of the finest living comedians. It would be convenient, if possible, to give some idea of him and his work by suggesting that he has some resemblance in type to a well-known English player; but such a resemblance does not exist, although in saying this I am making no suggestion that he is better than all our players. In "Chacun Sa Vie" he represents a middle-aged engineer who has married a pretty, young woman for love, found her faithless, and taken a sensible view of the situation—a view not untempered with a real emotion. It would be impossible to over-praise the skill with which the actor realises the part, rendering every phase effective, giving a vivid picture of a real individual, and at the same time playing without any appearance of effort, and almost as if unaware of the existence of the audience. The play has quite a fresh flavour in its treatment of marriage. M. Desclos knows that his pretty wife is faithless, and loves his friend, Jacques d'Arvant. What will he do? He does

present day in England, and the characters talk in the style of the people in penny novelettes. At least this is pure conjecture on my part, as I have never read a penny novelette—indeed, unlike many of my brother journalists, I have never written one—yet I have a belief that the polite society in such works of fiction talk in long, unlikely sentences, over-jewelled with elaborate figures of speech. To some extent a like reproach might be made against "Lady Frederick," but there is a difference, for although in Mr. Maugham's play the conversation is not like that of real life, it happens to be brilliant: moreover, he exhibits a good deal of technical skill. Now Mr. Orme's work, unfortunately, is rather clumsy. He certainly reaches one excellent situation. Richard Milvain, tired of his spouse, seeks to persuade Mrs. Ellison, an ill-treated wife, to elope with him. She, though willing enough, asks for a little time before giving her answer. He gets blinded by an accident, when out shooting. When he is able to leave his bed Mrs. Ellison comes to give him her answer—a favourable one—exultant in the thought that, now that he is blind and helpless, the precious gift of herself will seem nobler than before the accident. She discovers that the

M. Krauss. M. Richard. Mlle. Flori. M. Mathillon. M. Maxudian. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. M. Decœur. M. Deneubourg. M. Piron.



Mme. Allison. M. Gervail. Mme. Cerda. Mme. Renee Parry. Mme. Blanche Dufrené. Mlle. Seylor. Mme. Boulange. Mlle. Duc. M. Guidé. M. Bouthors.

THE "DIVINE SARAH" ON THE ROAD: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AND HER COMPANY, WHO ARE NOW APPEARING IN THIS COUNTRY.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's tour follows her extremely successful engagement at the New Royalty Theatre.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

not want a scandal, he is fearful that if Henriette, the wife, elopes with Jacques, she will be abandoned sooner or later, and then sink abominably to utter shame. The thought of such a horrible fate for the woman whom he has loved produces a result rather surprising to the audience. He makes no effort to win her back—his love is dead and he never had any for him: he determines to divorce her and that her lover shall marry her afterwards. The lover resists this; she is quite attractive enough to risk life for in a duel, to cause him to sacrifice his friendship for Desclos, and to ruin his own career, but he is determined not to wed her. He has motives of conscience about marrying a divorcée, since he believes that divorce is a crime, and family scruples against making a tainted woman the mother of his legitimate children. Here one meets with an idea quite dramatic, and, at first sight, rather topsy-turvy; yet in reality worth serious consideration, for there is certainly some validity in the young man's arguments, which, however, prove ineffective when Desclos announces that if d'Arvant will not marry Henriette he will take her back himself. In some countries the play would be impossible, because they forbid the marriage of a respondent and co-respondent.

The intellectual quality and technical skill exhibited by "Chacun Sa Vie" are not noticeable in the play by Mr. Rowan Orme called "Mrs. Ellison's Answer," which was received unenthusiastically at the New Theatre. Apparently the author is a novelist, not a dramatist. One can imagine that his somewhat wordy play would be popular in book form. In no fashion whatever could its non-human dialogue be quite acceptable. The play professes to pass at the

tender nursing of Richard's wife has caused him to fall in love with his legitimate property. No doubt the author's parent idea consisted of this situation. Why, then, did he mix it up with a plot about Richard's younger brother, Oswald, who seems a rather lifeless copy of Hugh Voysey; and his marriage with a common young American, whose father belongs to farce, and quite defeated the efforts of poor Mr. John Beauchamp to make him seem plausible? Miss Granville acted very well in the part of Mrs. Ellison, and Miss Lucy Wilson represented the successful wife charmingly.

The success of Mr. Oscar Asche's Othello in greater London and on tour made it natural that he should present it at His Majesty's, and its quality rendered the reception favourable. In some respects he is the ideal Moor of Venice, perhaps not in all, and yet we may wait long for another so powerful and impressive in a part where few have been triumphant. To some it may appear that the note of pathos is not quite fully sounded by him, to others that his passion is too tumultuous, too torrential at times: to all it is manifest that in his hands the Moor is a prodigious figure of tragedy. Miss Lily Brayton's Desdemona is altogether charming in its unforced picture of gentle womanhood, and in the last act she is poetically pathetic to a very high degree. Mr. Arthur Brydone's Iago is perhaps nearer the author's concept than the more complex Iago of others, and is a strong, effective piece of work. Mr. H. R. Hignett is an excellent Cassio, and Miss Mary Rorke a capital Emilia, although she made the part less important than it has appeared in the hands of some others.



## A SHOE AS A LOVING-CUP, AND THE DISASTER THAT CAME OF IT.



*Sweet Kitty Bellairs*



1. SIR JASPER STANDISH DISCOVERS THAT THE SHOE THAT IS BEING USED AS A LOVING-CUP BELONGS TO HIS WIFE, AND DEMANDS TO BE TOLD WHO IS HIDDEN BEHIND THE CURTAIN IN LORD VERNEY'S ROOM.
2. KITTY BELLAIRS SAVES THE REPUTATION OF LADY STANDISH AT THE EXPENSE OF HER OWN GOOD NAME BY COMING FROM THE HIDING-PLACE SHE SHARES WITH LADY STANDISH AND CLAIMING THE SHOE.

Seeking to dissuade Lord Verney from meeting Sir Jasper Standish, Kitty Bellairs goes to the young lieutenant's rooms in company with Lady Standish. At a critical moment a number of Verney's friends arrive, and both Kitty Bellairs and Lady Standish take refuge behind some curtains. One of the rowdy officers discovers a lady's shoe at the foot of the curtain; Verney is much chaffed; and the shoe is filled with wine and passed round the company, loving-cup fashion. When it reaches Sir Jasper he recognises it as belonging to his wife, and challenges Verney to produce the woman hidden in his room. Then it is that Kitty Bellairs saves her friend from the consequences of her jealous husband's wrath by coming from behind the curtain and claiming the shoe as her own, an action that, for a time at all events, kills her reputation.

*Photographs by the Dover Street Studios. (For separate portraits of the chief characters see page 8 of Supplement.)*



THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA,  
SISTER OF THE BRIDE.  
*Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi.*

themselves possessed of amazing physical vigour. The presence of the two Heirs-Apparent, Prince Olaf and the Prince of Asturias, has added that "touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin." The French royal wedding also entails indirectly the entertaining of more royal guests on the part of our King and Queen, as they are on terms of intimate friendship with more than one of the great personages who are to be present at the ceremony.

*The Royal Marriage.* The royal marriage which takes place at Wood Norton next Saturday is to be graced, so says rumour, by the presence of not less than forty royal personages. At least one regnant Sovereign (King Alfonso) and two Queens Consort (Victoria Eugénie of Spain and Amélie of Portugal) will be present; and the *de jure* King of France—that is, the Duke of Orleans—will be host. Since the days of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" a romantic interest has attached to the very varying personalities of kings and queens in exile, and this week's beautiful royal bride is not only the daughter of a Prince who should have been a King, but her bridegroom, Prince Charles of Bourbon, has for father a royal personage who, if right were

NOT for a number of years has there been such a royal week as that which, beginning with the King's birthday last Saturday, ends with the royal wedding in Worcestershire. Banquets, receptions, and luncheons and dinner-parties have filled up the measure of each royal day, and their Majesties have once more proved

where the marriage will be celebrated was painted by her, for she has great artistic gifts. Saturday's ceremony will be very splendid, and many faithful French Royalists have received invitations to the wedding of the young Princess, whose official title is "Madame Louise de France." The Duke and Duchess

have each a fully formed royal

household, which on such an occasion as that now under consideration plays exactly the same rôle as if King Philip and Queen Maria Dorothea were living amid the pomp of Versailles.

*A Beautiful Royal Quartette.* The fairy-tale convention concerning the beauty of princesses is really true as regards the four lovely royal sisters who are now gathered together at Wood Norton. The most beautiful of the group is, of course, the Duchess of Aosta—at the time she made her début at a garden-party at Marlborough House she was considered the loveliest girl seen in London Society since the appearance of that beautiful Miss Maynard who is now Countess of Warwick. The future Princess Charles of Bourbon strongly resembles the Duchess of Aosta; and as for the eldest of the sisters, the Queen of Portugal, her fair matronly charm is familiar to a large circle of English friends, who also remember affectionately the young Duchesse de Guise under her former name of Isabelle of Orleans.

*A New Lord-in-Waiting.* The King takes a very keen interest in those among the younger Peers who bear names rendered illustrious by their fathers. The



THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL,  
SISTER OF THE BRIDE.

*Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.*

THE FORTHCOMING ROYAL WEDDING:  
THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE  
OF FRANCE AND PRINCE CHARLES  
OF BOURBON.

might, would now be King of the Two Sicilies.

*Marie Antoinette's Great-Niece.*

The accomplished Duchess of Orleans, who has organised the festivities in connection with her youngest sister-in-law's bridal, is a great-niece of Marie Antoinette, and has the characteristic features of the Hapsburgs. The altar-piece of the temporary chapel

latest addition to the Lords-in-Waiting is Lord O'Hagan, who, in spite of his youth, is already noted among the younger Radicals. He is a Cambridge man, and even as an undergraduate he was an active politician, carrying out the Early Victorian traditions which decreed that a good statesman might also claim to be a keen sportsman



THE DUCHESS D'ORLÉANS,  
SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE.  
*Photograph by Koller.*



THE DUCHESS DE GUISE,  
SISTER OF THE BRIDE.  
*Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.*

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING OF FRANCE  
HAD OUR NEIGHBOURS NOT TURNED REPUBLICAN.



THE DUC D'ORLÉANS, WHOSE SISTER, PRINCESS LOUISE OF FRANCE, IS TO BE MARRIED  
TO PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON ON SATURDAY NEXT.

The Duke of Orleans and his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, who now stands in the position of heir to the French crown, are said to cherish a strong belief that some day our lively neighbours will get tired of the Republic, and call loudly on the King to come to his own. The Duke keeps in close touch with the country of which he would fain be Sovereign, and French workmen are always employed by him whenever it is practicable. He is the grandson of King Louis Philippe.

*Photograph by Vandyk.*



## SMALL TALK



HONOURED BY THE KING OF SPAIN: CAPTAIN THE MARQUESS OF BRISTOL.

Upon Whom his Majesty has Conferred the White Cross of the Naval Order of Merit.

Photograph by Russell.

present rank. Lord Bristol began life as a second son, and he is an old Tonbridge Grammar School boy; he was on the *Britannia* at the same time as was the Prince of Wales.

*Merry Men*  
*Twain.*

The members of the Anchor Society of Bristol are fortunate in their choice of after-dinner speakers for their Colston celebration this evening. The Prime Minister has less reputation as a wit than Mr. Birrell, but he needed not even the glowing testimonial to his humour paid by Lord Rosebery the other day to assure the rest of the world that he is bountifully endowed with that saving grace. It was never better exemplified than in a speech to a great meeting at Liverpool. He began a sentence, stopped in the middle of it, and took a gulp of water from a tumbler beside him. The audience roared. "Ah!" said the Premier, "that's a trick I learned of Bob Lowe. 'If you stop to drink at the end of a sentence depend upon it some other fellow will pop up to cut you short,' he said."

*Sir Richard Solomon.*

Sir Richard Solomon, to whom fell the pleasant task of presenting the great Cullinan diamond to the King, is one of the most brilliant sons of Greater Britain. Unlike most of the men associated in the British mind with South African politics, he was actually born at the Cape, and educated at the South African College. Then his parents sent him "home," and he went to Cambridge, being ultimately "called" at

THE Marquess of Bristol, who had the honour and the pleasure of bringing the King and Queen of Spain in his battle-ship, the *Renown*, from Cherbourg to Portsmouth, has just received the White Cross of the Spanish Naval Order of Merit. His lordship is the only officer of Peerage rank in the Navy, and though there have been plenty of Herveys connected with the senior service, Lord Bristol is the only one of his family who has remained in an active sense a naval officer while holding his

the Inner Temple. Sir Richard entered Cape politics exactly twenty years ago, and rose up step by step until he became Attorney-General. He is immensely popular both with the British and the Dutch, and he represented South Africa at the Delhi Durbar.

*A Child Might Lead Them.*

What with pumas chasing about the parks of Dublin, and lionesses being hitched up by the hind-legs and caught like kittens, it is evident that we are going to larger game than the dogs. But



CHOSEN TO HAND THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DIAMOND TO THE KING: SIR RICHARD SOLOMON,

Who Presented the Cullinan to his Majesty last Saturday.

Photograph by Langley.



Photo. Dover Street Studios.

[Photo. Ellis and Watery]

THE THEATRICAL WEDDING OF THE MOMENT: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AND MISS GERTRUDE SCOTT, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED.

Both Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Gertrude Scott are playing in "Irene Wycherley"—Mr. McKinnel as Philip Wycherley and Miss Scott as Carrie Hardinge. Mr. Norman McKinnel is not only Miss Lena Ashwell's leading man at the Kingsway, but is producing for her. He was born in February 1870, and was first engaged as an engineer. He made his debut on the stage at Clacton-on-Sea in 1894.

Lawrence, only son of Lord and Lady Lawrence, upon his marriage to Miss Dorothy Hobson. And may the many gifts which both have received be well and truly guarded! There is in the wish that of which the family will appreciate the significance. When

*Safe Bind, Safe Find.* Congratulations to the Hon. Alexander

there was no Cullinan diamond above ground, the head of the house of Lawrence had in his keeping the greatest material treasure on earth—the Koh-i-Noor. And he lost it! The most precious diamond in the world at that time disappeared as completely as the "Moonstone." If anything could have been added to his weight of trouble calculated to turn his brain, this surely was the very thing. But he left the loss to be considered after lunch, and after many lunches, and the gleaming jewel came to light snugly hidden in an old cigar-box by Lord Lawrence's bedside.



GRANTED TO HIS SERJEANT-SURGEON BY THE KING: THATCHED HOUSE LODGE, RICHMOND, WHICH HIS MAJESTY HAS PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF SIR FREDERICK TREVES.

Thatched House Lodge, recently vacated by Sir Edmund Monson, has been placed at Sir Frederick Treves' disposal by the King, and it is expected that the famous surgeon will take up his residence there in the spring. The original building is still in the grounds of the present lodge, and is now used as a summer-house. Among the decorations of the interior are mural paintings attributed to Angelica Kauffman.—[Photograph by Foc]

# "HUMPTY-DUMPTY," THE NEW CLASS RUSH AT PENNSYLVANIA.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!")



The University of Pennsylvania has outgrown its ordinary rush. There is not enough room in the basement of the College building for the annual fight, and it was found that the affair was becoming nothing more exciting than a scramble. Accordingly, this year the rush was held in the grounds adjoining the gymnasium. At the same time, it was decided to have a new form of class rush. As a result "Humpty-Dumpty" was originated. The Sophomores and the Freshmen each had to emulate the feat of the nursery hero, by sitting on a solid brick wall, of about four feet in height, with a top about two feet wide. The rules of the game were as follows: "Sophomores and Freshmen gathered on the field in two bodies, about fifty feet from the wall. At a given signal the two were to rush for the wall. For fifteen minutes the wall was to be the scene of a hauling and tugging and wrestling match. At the end of that time the whistle was to be blown and the number of men still clinging to the wall counted. If the Sophomores predominated the fight was theirs. If the Freshmen could show a larger number of adherents on the wall theirs were the honours of the rush." The Sophomores won, having fifty-three men on the wall at the call of time to the Freshmen's twenty-five.—[Photographs by the P.-J. Press Bureau.]

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

DERBY RACES—JOCKEYS—NATIONAL HUNT RACING.

THE race for the Derby Cup should be full of interest, as many of our best handicap horses are due to compete. True, the field will not be a large one; but the man will be lucky who finds the winner in once. It is remarkable that the betting at Derby, except at the Autumn Meeting, is generally poor, and this, too, despite the fact that some of the big book-makers hold shares in the racecourse. The clubs at the Midland and North-country meetings are not sufficiently large to ensure

ponies. Herbert Jones will continue to ride first jockey for R. Marsh's stable, and it is to be hoped that he will be successful on the two-year-olds owned by his Majesty the King. Jones is one of the most reliable jockeys in England, and from when he is in the saddle generally works out to the ounce. Randall will, as usual, be in very great request next year. He is a capital judge of racing and is a fine finisher. The brothers Griggs are certain to get good retainers, and the same can confidently be said of Wootton, who is a terror for his size. In fact, he may be justly termed a pocket Hercules. The majority of the apprentices are riding wonderfully.

After the end of the flat-racing season we shall have a busy time with the jumpers, and it may be of interest to note that there will be twenty-two days occupied by jumping meetings in the London district between Nov. 25 and Jan. 1, while from the opening of the new to the commencement of the next flat-racing season on March 22 dwellers in the Metropolis will be able, weather permitting, to enjoy forty-four days' sport over the sticks. It will thus be seen that the Park meetings in the near neighbourhood of London are given plenty of dates. It is to be hoped that the supply of horses will meet the demand, and that we shall not be continually seeing knock-kneed old platers competing against one another in £100 selling races. The juvenile hurdle-races that have already closed have yielded well in the matter of entries, and the same may be said of the steeplechases for novices. Anyway, owners who have already entered horses in either hurdle-races or steeplechases are the Duke of Westminster, Prince Hatzfeldt, Lord Rosebery, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Sefton, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Tredegar, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Coventry, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord G. Grosvenor, Lord Villiers, Sir J. E. Backhouse, Sir Peter Walker, Sir Robert Wilmot, Sir James B. Dale, and Sir F. R. Price. In addition to these, it is expected that his Majesty the King, Lord Derby, and the Duke of Devonshire will have a few jumpers in training. Mr. Willie Bass is running several jumpers this winter, and, according to rumour, many of the Newmarket trainers will give their flat-racers a show over hurdles. The prospects, then, may be said to be very rosy for a busy season.



PRINCE RANJITSINHI ANTICIPATED: THE LATE LORD CHARLES SOMERSET'S SHOOTING-BOX AT GROENEKLOOF, SOUTH AFRICA.

The shooting-box was erected in 1816 for Lord Charles Somerset, brother of the sixth Duke of Beaufort, then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. The front windows are of stained glass, with subjects illustrating the prowess of Englishmen in arms and in the hunting-field. The farm on which the building stands has been bought for a park by the Cape Town Corporation.

plenty of speculation, and it is a pity that more new members cannot be found. Where the Upper Ten congregates, there the betting is good, as is instanced at Sandown, Kempton, Ascot, Epsom and Goodwood. The professional backers are here, there, and everywhere, but it must not be forgotten that the bulk of the betting done by those gentlemen is in the shape of commissions for owners; while with notable owners not betting it is evident the bookmakers cannot accommodate the pros. in any very large amounts. Another thing that militates against the success of our race-meetings is the amount of business done by the stay-at-homers with starting-price bookmakers. I think it would be possible to devise some scheme under which all covering bets could be made to pay something towards the expenses of the race meeting. It is, to say the least of it, hard lines that those who run race-meetings should not be able to get something out of stay-at-home backers. Some of the starting-price layers never visit a race-meeting from year's end to year's end, yet they do all their "hedging" on the course, and thereby affect the market prices.

It is understood that next year many of the leading jockeys will continue to ride for the stables that have employed them this year. Maher will be first jockey to Lord Derby's stable, and it is hoped he will also carry silk on Lord Rosebery's horses when he is at liberty. The American jockey is certain to ride Lesbia in the classic races next year, if he is not wanted for the Hon. G. Lambton's stable. Higgs will continue to ride for Mr. Sullivan, and will also be first jockey to Sam Darling's stable at Beckhampton. Darling is very likely to have a good time next year, as he is certain to have some useful two-year-olds under his charge, while the older horses that have been coughing will, it is to be hoped, capture some of the big handicaps and weight-for-age races. As Lynham goes abroad, J. H. Martin may ride for Watson's stable. He is a very good jockey, and is popular in this country. Halsey will get plenty of riding. He is certain to ride The White Knight in all his races. Madden will act as a free-lance, and so will George McCall. A very successful jockey is Trigg. He does not believe in cutting the finish too fine, and he gets off well at the start; Trigg is pretty certain to get plenty of riding. He used to train polo-



A TROTTING ADVERTISEMENT IN THE FAR EAST: A PATENT MEDICINE ANNOUNCEMENT SEEN IN CEYLON.

It is evident that the West is not to have the monopoly of ingenious advertising. The publicity agent flourishes also in the East, and his ingenuity is made evident by such announcements as the one illustrated. "Neverill," it may be noted, is a new medicine.

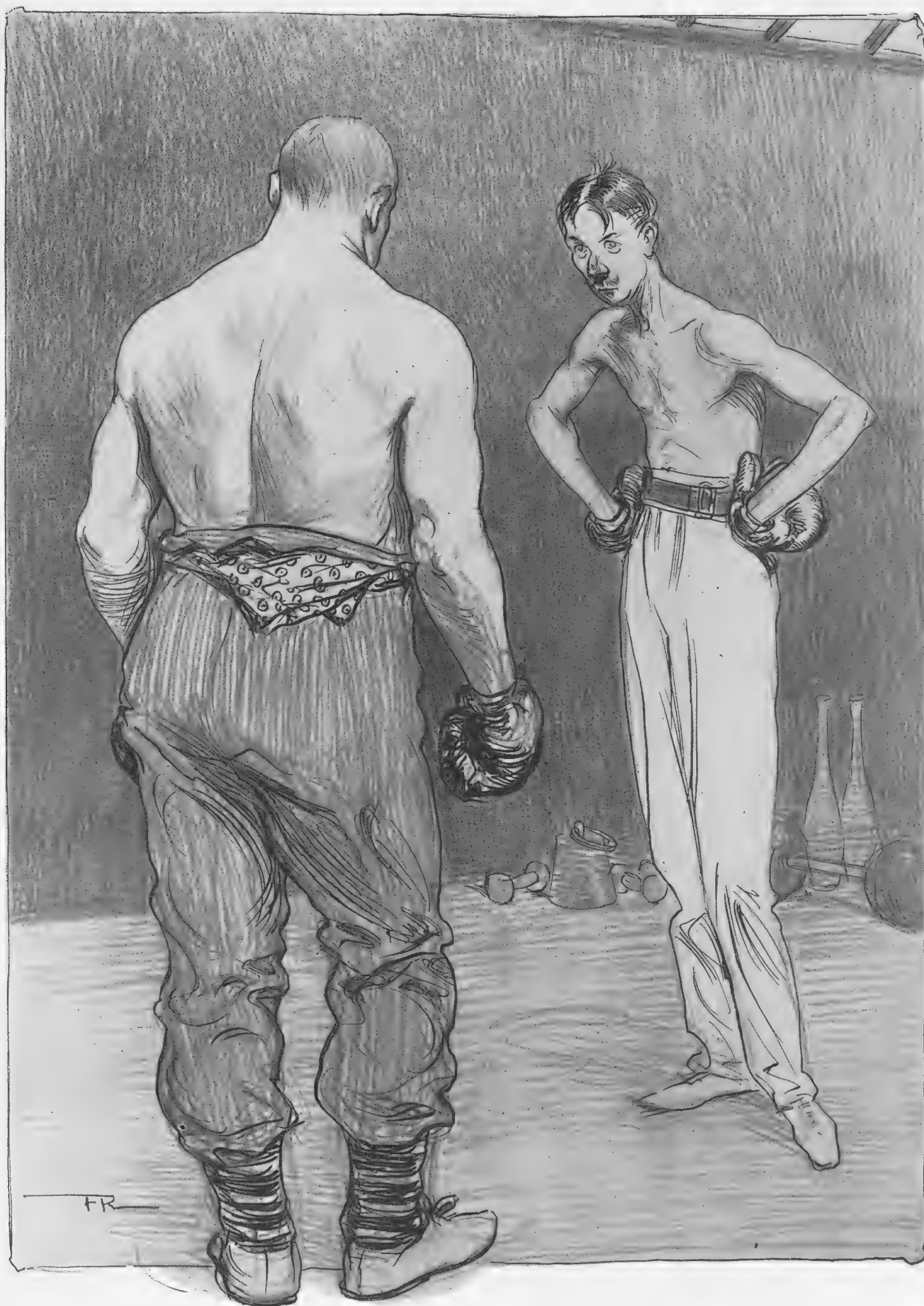
and it is to be hoped that the racing will be carried on in a truly sporting spirit. We get far too many objections at the winter game, and it is to be hoped that the National Hunt Committee will not hesitate to make an example of any frivolous objection. A feature of steeplechasing is the number of lady owners. The ladies are, in my opinion, good judges.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



# A KNOCK ON THE BREAD-BASKET



THE PUPIL (after having sought to propitiate the pugilist by standing him a lunch and sharing it with him): Now, look here, Slogger, I've just stood a jolly good lunch, and I don't think it's very sporting of you to keep hitting me on my half of it!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ACTORS have often to commit inartistic murders in the artistic exercise of their profession. For a dramatist, however, to be mistaken for a real murderer is something decidedly novel. Yet it happened to Mr. Anthony P. Wharton, the author of "Irene Wycherley," during the rehearsals of his play. He came from Dublin to be present at a rehearsal, but left the theatre to catch the night mail to return. Just after he left, a telegram reached the Kingsway, giving him permission to remain longer in London. At once a commissioner was sent post-haste in a taxi-cab to Euston to give the good news. Explaining to the officials that he wished to stop a gentleman who was starting for Dublin, he was allowed on the platform, and went down the train. At once, in some unaccountable manner, the rumour was started that the Camden Town murderer was to be arrested, and when Mr. Walter Maxwell, Miss Ashwell's business manager, arrived he found Mr. Wharton's carriage surrounded by an excited crowd.

That the skill of the modern wig-maker can deceive even the most expert eyes is a fact which few people, perhaps, believe, though it was vividly demonstrated to Mr. Eille Norwood when he was playing Gilbert Nepean in "The Liars" during Sir Charles Wyndham's last revival of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's magnificent play. He had to wear a small patch at the back of his head, "the sensitive spot" referred to by Lady Jessica. This was noticed by a much-advertised hair-restorer company, which sent him a circular of its preparation, accompanied by a letter setting forth the immediate advantages he would derive from his speedy use of its specialty!

Miss Frances Vine, who during Miss Mary Moore's recent indisposition deputised for her in "The Mollusc," performed what Sir Charles Wyndham called a "tour de force." It was only on Tuesday afternoon, at 2.30, that Miss Vine was given the part, and then she was sent for at eleven o'clock next morning and told she was to play it at the matinée that afternoon. A rehearsal with Sir Charles Wyndham and another with Miss Elaine Inescort and Mr. Sam Southern followed, and the young actress, who has been barely four years on the stage, faced the ordeal, through which she came with signal success. It was not the first "Mary Moore part" she had played, for she acted Mrs. Goring in "Mrs. Goring's Necklace" in the provinces, and there she first attracted the author's attention. During her short career, she has played several French parts

like the Maid in "The Marriage of Kitty" and the Maid in "A Night Out," the reason being that, as she was educated in Paris, she speaks French with the same ease and facility as she does English.

While acting in "Cousin Kate" in the provinces, Miss Vine proved her mental alertness in a distinctly unusual way. Miss Madge Macintosh, who was playing the chief part, and she shared rooms, and on the last day of their stay in a certain town, went out shopping together. Before they knew where they were they had paid for so many things that they found themselves without sufficient money to pay their landlady's bill. Miss Macintosh wired to her husband in London to telegraph some money to meet the difficulty. Unfortunately, it did not arrive before the play began. When the boy from the post-office reached the theatre, Miss Macintosh had gone on to the stage, which she would not be able to leave for three-quarters of an hour. Long before that time the post-office would close, and then farewell to the hope of the money and the paying of the bill. As *particeps criminis*, Miss Vine realised that she had to rise to the occasion. She put the money-order into an envelope, and as she was, luckily, playing the part of the Maid, she went on to the stage and introduced a speech, explaining to "Cousin Kate" that a man had brought her trunks, and required her signature before he left them. Miss Macintosh saw through the device in a moment. She opened the envelope, took the money-order, signed her name—not in the usual manner of signing names on the stage—and handed the document back to her companion in the afternoon's exciting and extravagant expedition. Miss Vine took the paper with her, and when Cousin Kate came off the stage she received from the ingenious Miss Vine a certain number of notes and sovereigns, which enabled them to leave their lodgings not only without scandalising the landlady, but with peace and honour.



JOHN STORM IN PRIVATE LIFE: MR. ARTHUR WONTNER, WHO IS PLAYING MR. HALL CAINE'S HERO AT THE LYCEUM. Mr. Wontner (who, by the way, is not an Australian, as has been said, although he acted there for three years) gained his first experience under Sarah Thorne at Margate. Since then he has been much helped by Mr. Louis Calvert, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Recently he was under Mr. Frohman's management. He refused an offer to go to America with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in order that he might play at the Lyceum.

Photograph by Histed.



Grenicheux (Miss Julia Seale).

Gaspard (Signor G. Rosi).

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE" AS A BALLET: A SCENE FROM THE PRODUCTION AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

In acting at the Court, Miss Florence Wood may be said to have returned home, for, as many playgoers will remember, the present theatre was opened under the management of her mother, Mrs. John Wood, and she herself spoke the first line ever heard in it. That was in a one-act play called "Hermine," by the late C. W. Godfrey, which preceded "Mamma." Through being at the Court, Miss Wood met her husband. He was quite unknown to anyone in the theatre when he sent in "Aunt Jack."

PRESENCE OF MIND!



IX.—HOW CHARLES II. ESCAPED DETECTION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

(It will be noted that the King was a prophet in his own country, the history-books notwithstanding, and that he was of a wiry constitution.)

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



# KEY-NOTES

JOSKA SZIGETI, who gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago, is one of the young violinists who seem destined to secure more than the passing success that falls to the lot of clever and well-taught boys. Despite the mishaps to his instrument, that may well have caused him great uneasiness, he completely satisfied his audience, and that is an achievement in these days, when the best violinists of the world challenge comparison with one another in London. M. Szigeti preserves a proper balance between tone and technique. He can make his violin sing, and his music is played with a certain measure of enthusiasm that is very pleasant to hear and to feel. One is conscious that he enjoys his work not only because he has mastered its difficulties, but because he too feels the beauty of the music he plays, and is delighted to think that he is communicating that beauty to his audience. His programme, though brief, was well chosen; he did not give the impression that he had merely mastered a certain number of pieces for the sake of the concert platform. In short, Joska Szigeti has the musical temperament, and, armed with that and the sound training that seems to have fallen to his lot, he should go far.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn left town on Wednesday last to fulfil her important engagement in New York, where it may be hoped with all confidence that she will take the highest rank among those engaged to sing mezzo-soprano and contralto rôles in the forthcoming opera-season. Chatting with the writer some little time before her departure, Mme. Lunn spoke of the differences in the musical taste of London and New York. Across the Atlantic Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and other composers whose laurels are a little faded in this country still hold their own, and one of the great features of the Opera Season in New York is the Sunday Concert, in which all the leading artists are required to take part. There are times when this custom reacts rather severely upon voices that have already submitted to as much strain as is good for them during six preceding days, devoted in fairly even proportion to rehearsals and performances. But, of course, New York can afford to pay immense prices, and demands from every great singer a large volume of notes in exchange for its gold. It is unlikely that Mme. Lunn will be heard in any work that is not familiar to opera-goers in London, with the exception of Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," to which, of course, our censorship raises objection. It is unfortunate, because the rôle of Delilah is one in which the singer has achieved a considerable reputation, and, although she has sung the music at the Queen's Hall, the surroundings of the concert platform detract very largely from the appeal of the operatic work. As an opera, "Samson and Delilah" gives one very little impression of Palestine or of the period to which the story relates; but, to most of us, any mounting

that is not wholly inadequate is better than no mounting at all. In her farewell recital at the Bechstein Hall Madame Lunn proved to a large and enthusiastic audience that she is the absolute mistress of every branch of her art, that she has the lyrical as well as the dramatic gifts, that she can enter into the spirit as well as the music of her songs. The delicacy of her method and the beauty of her voice seemed to gain some added measure of appeal from the art of the accompanist, for Mr. Percy Pitt was at the piano.

The Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts have opened in very promising fashion; the orchestra has not allowed the custom of the

Promenade Concerts to stale its infinite variety. In every section Mr. Henry Wood's players achieve distinction. The quality of the instruments is very good; even the brass, so often unruly in the best orchestras, is heard to the greatest advantage, and at the opening concert of the season Mr. Wood showed by his reading of the Beethoven Symphony and Lalo Suite that he had no desire to underrate the intelligence of his audience. Miss Julia Culp, whose choice of songs might have been improved upon, sang so finely that she was induced to arrange for a recital on the following Monday afternoon, when she drew a large gathering to the Bechstein Hall, and the full range of her powers was heard to greater advantage than had been possible on the Saturday.

Mr. H. Vivian Hamilton, a young pianist and composer, gave a successful concert last week at the Queen's Hall, where Herr Emil von Reznicek, conductor of the Imperial Opera House in Warsaw, the Warsaw Philharmonic Society, and an important German orchestra, made his first bow to a British audience. Mr. Hamilton, who played the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, is one of the pianists who are generally classed as brilliant, and perhaps his brilliance may have startled a

certain number of the audience, who are a little suspicious of new and showy readings. At the same time the young musician showed remarkable gifts both as pianist and composer. Miss Edna Thornton sang two of his songs, and the conductor obtained spirited performances of the orchestral accompaniment, which, like the composer's playing, is modern, unconventional, daring, and yet sufficiently good to be quite interesting, even though the voice in its relation to the orchestra is not quite understood. Those who resented the absolute modernity of expression would be among the first to admit that there is force and originality in the composer's work, and these are qualities that are not always to the fore in the new music that is put before us from time to time. The Queen's Hall Orchestra responded with its usual certainty and intelligence to the bâton of the new conductor, who made a distinctly favourable impression.

COMMON CHORD.



"£1,000,000 AFLOAT"—CAN IT MEAN CARUSO?

SIGNOR CARUSO, WHO IS ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA, WITH MME. EMMA DESTINN.

Under the heading "£1,000,000 afloat," the "Daily Telegraph" of the other day gave a paragraph on the "Oceanic" and her cargo of specie, in which it was also said that Signor Caruso and members of the Metropolitan Operatic Company travelled on the same vessel. The "Oceanic" carried gold to the value of over a million sterling. Can it be this that inspired the headline, or was the great tenor's presence on the vessel responsible?

A MOTTO FOR THE OLYMPIA AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION.



"A GOOD THING IS SOON SNAPPED UP."—PREHISTORIC PROVERB.

(MAY IT BE SO WITH THE CARS!)

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD:

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LESS discussion than follows the announcement of an England cricket eleven has attended the setting up of nineteen names of literature—supposedly the nineteen greatest—in the newly decorated dome of the British Museum reading-room. The whole English Press comes forward with emendations when it is announced who has been selected to fight the battles of bat and ball on the playing fields of Australia. Like the critic of cricket, I would offer my suggestions to the trustees—or maybe the decorators—of the Museum. I have up my sleeve another nineteen, whom I maintain would be as honourable as, and in some particulars more honourable than, the list that now makes the magic circle of Bloomsbury. Shelley is not in the official list, though Addison is there! Macaulay would drop out of my team, and Dr. Johnson would come in; and I would find a place for Ruskin, if but for his tremendous style. Bunyan, Sir Thomas Browne, More and Bacon would at least have had an equal chance among the “pros.” as the more dully included Locke and Scott. The great writers of fiction are rather cheaply used, and a certain Henry might have earned his place—if only for his Fielding.

Anyhow, very arbitrary is the choice which, judging from the length of time that has passed since the last redecoration of the reading-room, is to put these particular nineteen names above the heads of the nation's most industrious readers for many years to come. Who has made it? There are some things that should be done openly, and this is one of them. “Name, name, name,” as they sometimes far less pertinently cry in the Commons.

To read the “Chronicles of Berthold Darnley” is to be interested. Perhaps it is not the portions of the novel which have to do entirely with insanity that are most arresting. Insanity knows no bounds, and a study of delusions might always, one may think, be bettered. Even a wrong-headed sleeping-draught may supply one with as fabulous notions as those revealed in the diary of the hero of this remarkable book—remarkable rather for the extreme sanity of the young woman-teacher who is met with the problem of Berthold's disease. She is a woman of heart, and her love is intense; but she is alive and strong, and her instinct is to survive. She is one of the robust heroines of fiction, and good to read of, although she leaves no word of wisdom to be remembered by, and had no beauty, that we know of, but that of her hair. She is a heroine to shake hands with!

And of her author, Mr. Wilkinson Sherren, what? We learn from the title-page that he has written two other works, neither, it seems, of fiction. But “Who's Who,” the refuge of ignorance, casts no light upon his career. We may take him, then, as a type of the young and unknown author, and, moreover, we can make his case something of a test as to the reception accorded to a novel that,

coming to hand among hundreds of others, is distinctly above the average. None of a half-dozen London “dailies” has made so much as a mention of it; the *Academy* notice, on the other hand, found itself interested but also annoyed by Mr. Wilkinson Sherren; and only in the *Athenæum*, careful in its watch upon the world of books, has there been the welcome it is always so sanguinely asserted awaits every work of talent.

Mr. E. V. Lucas is so careful as well as so dry a writer—dry, we mean, after the manner of the best vintages—that we feel—quite meanly, of course—a little elation when we find him falling into

errors, very minor errors though they be. His fine Life of Lamb was subjected to a close scrutiny to this end by the only man in England who knows more about Lamb than does Mr. Lucas. Perhaps an expert on Miss Seward, if such exists, may make Mr. Lucas's delightful “Swan of Lichfield” a similar happy hunting—or fishing—ground. I will not anticipate him, except so far as to ask Mr. Lucas why, in almost his first sentence, he refers to Mr. Porter as Dr. Johnson's “stepson-in-law.” The “in-law” is surely superfluous, for Mr. Porter was a stepson pure and simple, with no legal complexity whatever. There is also, on an early page, a rather curious misquotation, which, however, I will leave the professional reviewer to discover and duly expose.

The “Great Editor of *Punch*,” Shirley Brooks, of whom so imposing a book has been made, at one time wrote novels—novels that have not made much noise in their living or their dying. But at one time Shirley Brooks took his place among immortals. When Meredith's “Evan Harrington,” and when Charles Reade's “A Good Fight”—afterwards enlarged into “The Cloister and the Hearth”—were running in the pages of *Once a Week*, and both falling very flat, the editor applied

to Shirley Brooks and the gap was filled by “The Silver Cord.” Of course, the author of “The Silver Cord,” who was to become an editor of *Punch*, had perforce to sign himself to his friends as the “Silver Cordwainer,” and the puns that followed became properly knotted before he forgot, with the rest of the world, the existence of his novel. I notice, by the way, that Mr. G. S. Layard, the writer of this Life of Shirley Brooks, has had few compliments paid him by the Press—fewer, I think, than are his due. One reader, at any rate, can say he has found the book, despite the exaggeration of the title, modest, well proportioned, and amusing.

Sir Francis Burnand, who has been giving his *Punch* lecture in Scotland, is editing a “Catholic Who's Who.” The book is a new addition to the biographical year-books, and will contain a roll-call of some two thousand five hundred names, with Father Tyrrell among the “missing.”

M. E.



UNEXPECTED TRUTH.

THE CANDIDATE: What, gentlemen, is the moving spirit of the age?  
THE VOICE: Petrol!

[DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.]



A FAIR EQUIVALENT.



THE BIG MAN: Ho! So it was *you* drank my beer the other day, was it?

THE SMALL ONE: Well, you ran away with my wife!—ain't I to have *no* compensation?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### His Mother's Tongue.

There will be no need to requisition the services of an interpreter for the German Emperor in the City to-day. He speaks his mother's tongue without a trace of accent. In a chat with Mlle. Vacaresco, he referred to her fondness for English. "That," he said, "is why I have addressed you in the language which is pleasantest for conversation—" He checked himself. "At least, one of the pleasantest," he added, with a patriotic reservation. She, with the artlessness of a woman, remarked, "English is also fast becoming the language of Courts." But enough on the subject had been said. A quick frown on the Imperial face warned the poetess that she was venturing on forbidden ground, and the Kaiser cut her short with a murmured apology, she writes.

### English for the Germans.

When Heligoland was taken over from Britain by Germany, the Emperor's first act was to prohibit the teaching of English in the schools. That, however, was seventeen years ago. To-day English is compulsorily taught in the schools of the Fatherland. The innovation did not escape the watchful eye of an admirer of the Kaiser: Cecil Rhodes noted it with satisfaction. When he came to make that wonderful will of his, he remembered the subjects of the German Emperor. He provided for fifteen scholarships at Oxford, of £250 each, tenable for three years, for students of German birth, those students to be nominated by the Kaiser himself. That, with the American scholarships, was the Rhodesian method of practically expressing belief that there is nothing more powerfully promotive of the peace of the world than the friendship of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States—"and educational relations form the strongest tie." The Kaiser was much struck by the clause, and immediately signified his intention of complying with the stipulation that the candidates should be nominated by himself.

### Hobby-Horses.

The sub-editor who wrote the headlines associating the riding of a hippopotamus with our old friend Luanika, of Barotseland, sold his readers. The animal was ridden; but the rider, a French missionary, and the Paramount Chief are not quite one and the same. The idea should stir the blood of M. de Rougemont. And yet, so much has been done, there is so little to do, if the shade of Cecil Rhodes will pardon the paraphrase. Charles Waterton, in days which our veterans remember, bestrode an alligator. He did not have much to do with turtles till they swam in the soup; the taming of these was left for de Rougemont. Waterton's great advantage lay in the certainty with which he picked out his remedies for any ill sustained. Once he got a bit of a sprain

in his ankle. Forthwith he popped off to Niagara, and held the injured joint beneath the Falls. Who but he would have thought of so powerful a remedy? There is, as he said, undoubtedly something heroic in a cure which involves the holding of a sprained foot beneath a fall of water discharging over 670,000 tons of water per minute. Such a cure makes a minor sprain worth seeking.

### The Cardinal's Fear.

As readers of Mr. Edmund Gosse's new volume have been reminded, his father—a stern, unbending Plymouth Brother—had an inveterate aversion from the organ as an aid to worship. And in that aversion he was at one with those who declared the introduction of

instrumental music into the services of the Church of Scotland a dangerous concession to Popery. Now the curious thing is that Manning, after he had "gone over," was seriously perturbed of soul over this same question of the music of the churches. Women he would not have in the choirs of his diocese; one and all of them must go, to the

infinite sorrow of priests, who had to rely mainly upon female voices for the beauty of their musical services. The fiat had gone forth, and the sirens vanished. But the Cardinal had his suspicions still. During High Mass at his church he "sniffed" repeatedly during the singing. At last a young boy's glorious soprano rang out. Manning could endure the suspicion no longer. "Willie," he gasped to his nephew, who was assisting him in the service, "Willie, it's a woman!" With difficulty he was reassured, and induced to believe that he possessed the advantage of an all-male choir.

### The One Thing Needful.

It is all very well for the daily papers to make a splash over the Yankee lawyer who has come over here to look up possible heirs to a few thousand pounds awaiting call in America; here among ourselves we have a struggle in progress for half a million of money and the possession of one of London's docks. The claimants are as poor as church mice. One of them is a farm labourer, another is a village cabman. But they believe that their claim is as good legally as they swear it to be morally. There is a third party to the claim, and she is inclined to be fractious. She possesses a document indispensable to the others for the successful prosecution of their claim. And she will not part from it, neither will she show it. She is very happy and comfortable, she says; why should she go out of her way to upset the people in possession? If the document must be had, well, she must have a thousand pounds for it. Nothing less will tempt her, when already every prospect pleases in her life. She is in a first-class workhouse.



### BREAD WASPS AND FLOWERS.

The bread is kneaded between the fingers, and after it has been modelled is rendered elastic and almost unbreakable by a special process. The paste is coloured before the models are made.

LIFE-LIKE WASPS OF BREAD "SWARMING" ON THE HAND OF Mlle. SUZANNE MEYER, THEIR MAKER.

ORCHIDS OF COLOURED BREAD.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## STOP, THIEF! ❖ BY THOMAS COBE.

M<sup>R.</sup> ALFRED COOPER alighted from a fly at Brighton Station in good time for the 11.5 a.m. train to Victoria—a well-dressed, agreeable-looking young man whose demeanour gave promise of a liberal tip.

"Will you have it in with you, Sir?" asked a porter, causing Alfred to glance hesitatingly at his rather large kit-bag. As there seemed to be a good many passengers this morning, he said he would have it labelled, and, having bought several newspapers at the stall, he lighted a cigar and found a seat.

On reaching the terminus, he began to wish that he had brought his bag into the Pullman car, so avoiding the trouble and loss of time of regaining possession. Walking towards the front of the train, he stopped to speak to some ladies and the man who had just met them; then, having lost a few minutes in this way, Alfred joined the throng around the luggage-van—without, however, being able to see his own bag.

"Where's the rest of the luggage?" he inquired; but was told there was no more. "But what," he demanded with an anxious expression, "has become of my kit-bag?"

This was more than anybody seemed able to tell him, and having given vent to his feelings with considerable warmth, he accompanied a porter to an office. He had seen the bag labelled, placed on a truck and wheeled on to the platform at Brighton, to which the official offered to telegraph at once.

"What on earth is the good of that?" demanded Alfred. "The bag contains my evening clothes, and a nice hole I shall be in without them to-night."

The official assured him of his profound regret, and began to take down a description of the missing luggage: A large, drab kit-bag, almost new, with two crimson perpendicular stripes painted on it, and the initials "A. C." in black.

Walking away from the railway-station, Alfred wondered what would be the best thing to do; feeling scant interest in any telegraphic inquiries, because he was certain the bag had been put in the train at Brighton, and doubtless stolen from the Victoria platform whilst he was talking to his friends. The fact that the company would be responsible offered little satisfaction, as Alfred wanted to wear his evening clothes at a dance the same evening. One could not have a new suit made in a few hours, whilst the notion of wearing ready-made garments appeared little less than appalling. Having walked to Old Bond Street, he consulted his tailor on the off-chance of his having a mis-fit suit of the right size; then, having met with nothing more useful than sympathy, Alfred entered a restaurant in Piccadilly, devoured a hurried luncheon, and coming out again with a cigarette between his lips, was startled to see opposite Air Street, on the roof of a four-wheeled cab, his lost bag; there could be no mistake about it—he recognised the two crimson stripes, to say nothing of his own initials.

Although there was a great deal of traffic, and the cab moved slowly, he was quite unable to obtain a glimpse of its occupant; he was determined, however, not to let the thief escape, and after a momentary hesitation, began to run along the crowded pavement, heedless, for once, of appearances, until the cab was brought to a standstill by the uplifted hand of the policeman at Piccadilly Circus.

Fortunately, the horse stopped close to the kerb, and in an instant Alfred was at the window, flushed by his exercise, when, instead of the ruffian whom he hoped and expected to see, he beheld a charming girl of twenty, admirably dressed, with a quantity of loosely arranged, reddish-brown hair.

Alfred instinctively took off his hat, although the formality seemed supererogatory where a thief was concerned; and she flushed delightfully with what might have been indignation on being accosted, in a person of average honesty.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "but that is my bag on your cab."

"Indeed it is not!" was the answer. "Will you kindly go away?"

"If I do," said Alfred, hardening his heart, "it will be to give you into custody."

Leaning forward, she seemed on the point of thrusting her head out at the farther window to urge the cabman to drive on, when Alfred made his tone more vehement.

"I mean what I say!" he cried. "There's not a moment to lose. I shall either take my bag or speak to the policeman, whichever you please."

"The bag," she murmured, "belongs to my brother."

"It has my initials on it!"

"Then they are his also."

"I can't stand here," said Alfred brusquely, because, on a closer inspection, she looked so agreeable that it required an effort to

treat her as she deserved; and, withdrawing his head out of the cab, as if to appeal to the constable at once, he saw that she was genuinely terrified.

"Oh, please—please," she entreated, "don't do anything horrid!"

"Restore my property," was the answer, "and I will let you off."

"It isn't yours," she said. "There must be some mistake."

As she was speaking, the policeman began to reproach the cabman for blocking the traffic; the cabman putting the blame on to Alfred, who found himself being addressed with more force than politeness.

"I assure you," he cried, putting his head inside the cab again, "I don't mean to lose sight of my bag. Then the cabman jerked his reins, and as the horse started, Alfred, not knowing what else to do, opened the door and sat down by the side of the "conveyer" of his bag.

She drew herself into as small a compass as possible, regarding the intruder with extreme indignation.

"I didn't wish to have you locked up," he explained, as the cab was driven towards the Strand. "But I should like you to grasp the fact that I intend to have my things—I want them to wear to-night."

"But," she returned, "how could you wear them? My brother is a short man and you must be nearly six feet."

"It's no use trying to keep up the game," said Alfred. "The bag belongs to me; my initials are on it."

"Haven't I told you," she demanded, "that they are my brother's?"

"What is his name?"

"Arthur Chambers."

"You are not married?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

"Then how is it," he cried, "that there is J. A. on the hand-bag you are carrying?"

"Because Arthur is my half-brother."

"What is your name?" inquired Alfred.

"Janet Armistead—I met him at Victoria——"

"Then you admit you have come from there?"

"Of course," she returned. "Arthur had travelled from Brighton and I had promised to meet him."

"Where is he now?"

"I dropped him only just before you spoke to me," she answered. "I think you might believe me," she added.

Her eyes looked tearful, and Alfred assured himself she was a clever actress, against whose wiles it behoved him to be on his guard. They were grey eyes, to the influence of which he had always been a little susceptible. It was true that no fault could be found with her speech or manner, but the fact remained that Alfred's bag was on the roof of the cab and that he intended to get it back into his own lawful possession.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"I am on my way," she answered, "to Liverpool Street Station."

"Then so am I," said Alfred, and she looked at him betwixt tears and a smile, breathing a deep sigh.

"You can scarcely imagine," he exclaimed, "that I mean to let you take away my property. But," he added, "if you like to drive to—wherever you live, the bag can be opened——"

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind," she answered.

"Then you must put up with my company for the rest of the day. You are entirely in my power. I should hate to tell the jarvey to drive to the police-station; but still," said Alfred firmly, "I intend to have my bag."

As she leaned back in her corner, breathing quickly, he felt that he was becoming more and more dangerously influenced by her charm; still, forewarned is forearmed, and he was determined not to be cajoled. Her forehead was puckered beneath the brim of her picture-hat, and she seemed to be setting the spring in sight of the bird, inasmuch as she was obviously planning some device to circumvent him.

"Suppose," he suggested, "we bring the bag inside the cab. You will find that my key will open it. I will describe the contents and prove what you know already—that it is my property."

Her demeanour now changed; she seemed to throw aside her former apprehension, and, drawing slightly closer to Alfred, she looked into his face with a ravishing smile.

"Are the contents very valuable?" she asked.

"Oh, well," he answered, not drawing away, "there are my evening togs, and so forth. You see, I am going to a party to-night. And," he explained, "there's a rather decent set of silver-mounted hair-brushes and things."

"What," she asked, as they were driven along Fleet Street, "can you want with silver-mounted hair-brushes and things?"

[Continued next page.]

Alfred's sensations were now of a very mixed description, and, whilst he did not doubt that she had assisted to steal his bag, he found himself constantly addressing her as if she were a member of his own distinguished set.

"It is my cousin's birthday dance," he said, "and I bought them as a present. My aunt lives in a jolly old house at Knightsbridge, you know—Mrs. Borrodaile."

"Now," cried Janet, "that is rather odd! Because you will meet me at Mrs. Borrodaile's dance to-night."

"Good Lord!" muttered Alfred.

"So you will confess you have made a ridiculous blunder?"

Alfred, quite close by this time, examined her face with intense perplexity.

"How many children has my aunt?" he suddenly blurted out.

"I haven't the remotest notion."

"What," demanded Alfred, with a triumphant air, "is the name of the girl who comes of age to-day?"

"I really can't tell you."

"Yet you are going to her party!" he exclaimed, with withering contempt.

"Lady Westhampton offered to take me," was the answer. "Instead of persecuting me any longer you ought to ask me to save you a waltz," she added, trying with perfect success to look into his eyes.

"You have not answered my question," he said sternly.

"Well," she returned, "I am not accustomed to be scowled at by young men."

"By Jove, no; I bet you're not," he exclaimed.

"I can assure you of one thing," she suggested. "You will be feeling tremendously sorry for yourself at about eleven o'clock this evening."

"If we bring the bag inside," said Alfred, aware that his firmness was becoming diluted, "you would at once see—"

"Certainly not," she cried. "Besides," she continued, resting a hand on his sleeve, "you are going to be really nice now, and I will save you two dances. But if you insist on coming to the station—"

"I do," he returned.

"Then you will meet my brother!"

"Thak heaven I shall have a man to deal with at last!" said Alfred.

"He is not so delightfully patient as I am," she answered. "There would be a disturbance—"

"And you and your—your brother would be locked up," said Alfred.

"In that case," she cried lightly, "you would lose your dances, although, perhaps, you don't think they would be worth having."

He thought they would be well worth having, and, in fact, Alfred Cooper was rapidly losing his head, whilst yet aware that she was showing a "coming-on disposition" expressly to delude him. Observing that as he leaned forward her lips were temptingly close to his own, he suddenly became reckless enough to tell himself that the kit-bag, his evening clothes, and even his cousin's birthday present might be well lost.

"You would like to shake me off at all costs?" he suggested.

"Oh, I would do anything to get rid of you before we reach Liverpool Street," she answered. "And it will not be many minutes."

"I should require payment in advance."

"What would it be?" she asked, when his arm stole behind her and his face was brought still closer to her own. Although she made no attempt to draw away, he felt her body stiffen as his arm tightened about her waist. Her manner had become grave and the colour went out of her cheeks—

"I shall pay your price," she said quietly, looking reproachfully into his eyes, "but I shall always hate you. Please be nice and get out of the cab," she entreated, and the next instant the horse had stopped in Moorgate Street, whilst Alfred was standing on the pavement, gazed at by hastening clerks.

"Thank you very much," she faltered, her head at the window; "I—I shall see you this evening."

She tried to smile as the horse restarted, and Alfred stood on the kerb gazing wistfully after his kit-bag. That was his foible, he admitted—he was too susceptible. Specious as her manner might be, he knew that she had set herself to hoodwink him; and he had coolly allowed himself to become her victim. The idea of meeting her at Mrs. Borrodaile's was, of course, absurd; she had not only stolen his bag, but got away under his eyes with the swag.

Alfred felt more than half inclined even now to follow her to Liverpool Street; but, somehow, he could not bring himself to go back on the bargain, which it seemed he had ridiculously made. Besides, there remained the pressing question of his clothes; and, hailing a hansom, he was driven again to Victoria, where, as he expected, nothing had been heard about his lost property. From the railway-station he went to a jeweller's, to buy a second birthday present for his cousin, thence to a friend of about the same height and weight as himself, from whom he succeeded in borrowing a dress-suit.

Whilst dressing at the club, where he had secured a bedroom for the one night, these borrowed plumes caused Alfred considerable misgiving; there were certain creases about the shoulders, which resulted in acute mental agony, and he likened himself to a

trussed fowl. In the meantime, he could not prevent his thoughts from dwelling upon Janet Armistead, as she had named herself, and he wished very ardently that a miracle might happen, so that he should meet her before the night came to an end.

Such a denouement, however, appeared absolutely impossible, until he entered Mrs. Borrodaile's ball-room at half-past ten, when Janet was almost the first person he saw, looking more charming than ever in a white silk frock.

Then he became the victim of a painful reaction. He had actually treated her as a thief. He had forced his company upon her, had threatened her with all manner of pains and penalties. The consequence was that, while he longed to make peace, if that were possible, he lacked courage to ask for an introduction; until, shortly after midnight, his cousin came to his side and took his arm.

"The prettiest girl in the room has actually asked me to introduce you," said Miss Borrodaile.

"Who—who is that?" he demanded.

"Janet Armistead—a friend of Lady Westhampton. Why, Alfred, you are as red as my roses."

A moment later he stood bowing to Janet, whose demeanour caused Miss Borrodaile to wonder more than ever. As she walked away, Alfred offered his arm.

"You may remember," said Janet, placing a hand within it, "I warned you that you might feel sorry for yourself this evening."

"But how in the world," he asked, "did you get hold of my bag?"

"Anyhow," she returned, "you were able to supply your deficiency."

"You think," he cried anxiously, "it looks all right!"

"Oh, you are perfect," she said, as they began to waltz.

"Immensely good of you," he remarked, "to take any notice of me—"

"I think it was," she admitted. "But I shouldn't have asked Miss Borrodaile to bring you to me if I hadn't to offer an explanation—"

"About that bag!"

"I met my brother at Liverpool Street," she explained, as Alfred steered her skilfully in and out of the crowd, "and I told him about my adventure—as a kind of joke, you understand. But when he came to look at the bag, he confounded me by saying that he fancied he had made a mistake. His key wouldn't open it; we forced the lock with the aid of a porter—that is really the sweetest set of brushes!" she cried, as they came to a standstill. "Of course," Janet added on the way to the conservatory, "your bag and Arthur's are as like as two peas."

"What can have become of his?" asked Alfred.

"The theory is," said Janet, "that the initials and the red stripes being the same, he took your bag in place of his own; and that his must have been stolen from the platform. Anyhow," she added, "we left yours at the cloak-room, and poor Arthur was obliged to go to Cromer without."

Seated beneath a palm in Mrs. Borrodaile's conservatory, Alfred learned that Arthur Chambers, having kicked over the traces at the age of twenty-four, had been cast off by his step-father, who was Janet's father. She had been forbidden to hold any communication with her half-brother, but had disobeyedly promised to meet him at Victoria. Selecting a four-wheeled cab to avoid being seen in his company, she had finally taken his bag (as she supposed) on to Liverpool Street, whilst Arthur paid a visit to a moneylender of his acquaintance. Now, Alfred was able to understand Janet's unwillingness to drive him to her father's house to prove her good faith, or, indeed, to take any step which might lead Mr. Armistead to suspect that she had met Arthur Chambers that day.

"Of course," she said, opening and shutting her fan, "it would have been a little inconvenient if you had really given me into custody, especially as it happened that the missing property was actually in my possession. Incidentally," she added, "I gained some experience; because you had known me only an hour—"

"Things happen at first sight sometimes," urged Alfred, looking sheepish.

"You believed I was a thief, a thoroughly abandoned person—"

"I know what you have stolen," he urged. "Besides," he added, "it didn't come off."

"Or you wouldn't be sitting here at this moment," she exclaimed.

"Still," he said, "I shouldn't like you to imagine that I am in the habit of—"

"We will not discuss your habits," she answered. "I am afraid," she cried a moment later, "you will have to go to Liverpool Street for your bag."

"Didn't they give you a ticket at the cloak-room?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, yes—"

"Then I can't recover the bag without it!"

"Oh, dear, and I left it at home—I am sure I don't know where! I will try to find it and post it to you."

"Or," he urged, "I might come to fetch it. Please let me come?" he entreated; and that first visit was by no means the only one. Although Arthur Chambers did not succeed in regaining possession of his kit-bag, he was, before many months passed, enabled to meet his sister without secrecy, when she enjoyed the more complete freedom of a married woman.

THE END.





A GUIDE TO THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SOCIETY OF MOTOR MANUFACTURERS  
AND TRADERS' AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA—II.

*A Gearless Electric Landaulet.*

The Electric Landaulet Company, whose vehicles have been a very delightful feature of London street traffic since they were first put upon the road, show in their "Perfect" car a gearless electric landaulet. It possesses the particular attributes the lack of which has hitherto so smartly handicapped the luxurious electrically propelled vehicle in competition with the petrol car—that is to say, greater capacity for speed and distance than any type at present on the streets, amounting to progression at twenty miles per hour for a range of fifty miles. There is an entire absence of vibration, due to the method of drive; and of noise, due to the elimination of gearing. The cost of maintenance will compare most favourably with that of a petrol car; while, of course, nothing can approach it for sweetness of running and cleanliness. The car will seat four inside most comfortably, and is most tastefully upholstered and finished. Each driving-wheel, with its motor, is easily detachable, so should a motor require overhauling, and a spare wheel and motor be kept, no delay in the use of the carriage need arise from this cause.

*An English Tyre.*

Hailing from the works of the Avon India-Rubber Company, of Melksham, Wilts, is found on the stand of that company examples of the Avon non-skid motor tyres, Avon tyres with square and round treads, and Avon tyres with

non-skidding cross-grooves. The non-skid covers proper will upon examination be found to be built up on approved principles, the hardened steel studs of special design being securely riveted into a tread of rubber and fabric, which is vulcanised to the tyre-casing itself under steam-pressure. In order to protect the casing from all injury, a tough layer of fabric and canvas is vulcanised between the base of the studs and the casing, so that the tread and its studs can be worn right down to this protective layer, and then the casing may be re-treaded. The perfect register of the layers and the splendid material employed can be detected on examination of the sections shown.



THE MERCEDES ELECTRIC CARRIAGE, BY THE ELECTRIC LANDAULET COMPANY.

*Photograph by Booker and Sullivan.*

*The Crossley Cars.*

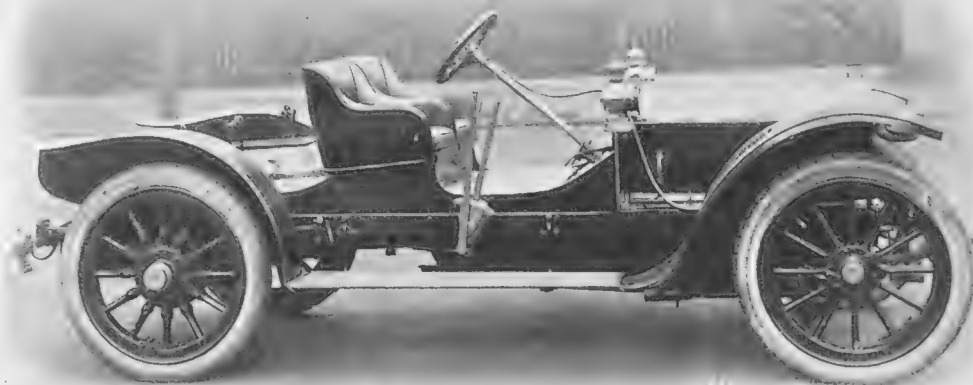
The great name of Crossley—Crossley Brothers, of Openshaw, Manchester, whose wonderful gas-engines form the power-givers in every corner of the globe—is sufficient to warrant and inspire confidence in anything they may put upon the market. But, in addition to the great asset of their name, this firm have also the advantage of the credit which in automobile matters attends the name of Charles Jarrott, for the senior partner of the exhibiting firm takes Crossley cars particularly under his wing. In the 40-h.p. Crossley of 1908 the frame is kept low and up-swept at the back, and three-quarter elliptical springs are substituted for ordinary solid spring-hangers. The engine is a grand example of internal-combustion engine-building, and has the new Crossley carburetter, which has already



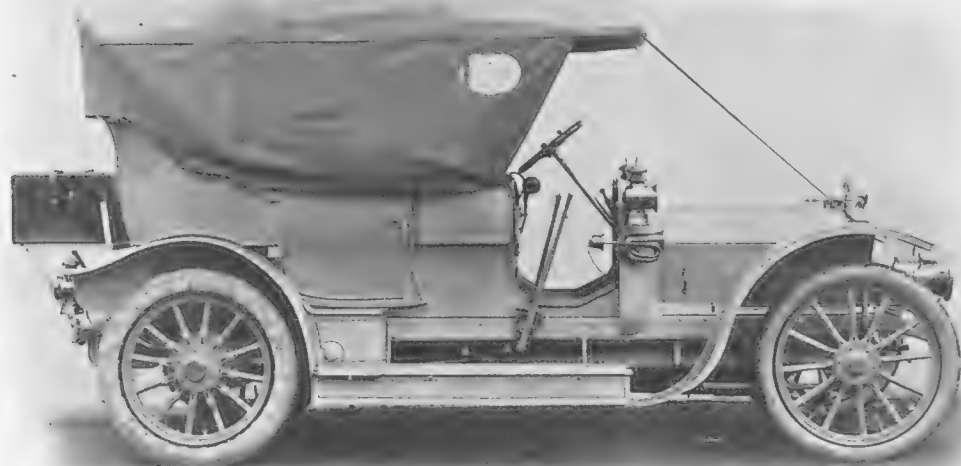
THE WINNER OF THE PEKING-PARIS RACE; THE ITALIA. ON WHICH PRINCE BORGHESE MADE HIS FAMOUS JOURNEY.

done great things. An ingenious device is found upon the dash-board for the prevention of over-lubrication and consequent smoking. The gear-box is made without any joint, so that it can be detached without interfering with any other unit or disturbing the shafts. A 40-h.p. Crossley, with a limousine body specially designed by that tasteful and resourceful body-builder, H. J. Mulliner, should be seen. It is a perfect up-to-date model. In examining the exhibits on this stand, the fact that the productions are British throughout will be remembered with pride.

*Austin Automobiles.* At the moment of making their first bow to the automobile public, the Austin cars, designed and constructed by that eminent automobile engineer, Mr. Herbert Austin, were acclaimed quite perfect things of their kind, and comparable in every way with the best produced here or upon the Continent. It is not surprising, then, to find little or no alteration in Austin design, the changes noted being the supersession of the 25-30-h.p. of 1907 by a



THE NEW 40-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER AUSTIN,  
WITH BROOKLANDS TWO-SEATED BODY.



THE NEW AUSTIN HOOD FULLY EXTENDED.

40-h.p. four-cylinder model, with cylinders  $4\frac{3}{4}$  in. bore and 5 in. stroke, and the introduction of a 60-h.p. six-cylinder Austin, the cylinders of which are similar to those of the 40-h.p., but two more in number. In this last-named car two high-tension magnetos are employed for ignition. The new horizontal Austin carburetter, an interesting device, is used, and should be inspected. Something very special in motor-hoods is found in the Austin hood, which boasts but one vertical support, and, by reason of its extension from the back to the side doors, provides as much protection as a closed carriage. The Park Phaeton, with Victoria hood and screen, is an extremely taking vehicle.

*The Vinot Cars.* Those old-established and well-known coach-builders, Messrs. W. Cole and Sons, Limited, of Kensington, exhibit two Vinot chassis—one a 16-24-h.p., and the other a 24-32-h.p. The 16-24-h.p. has propeller-shaft live-axle drive, and it is the first time these well-known cars have been so made and shown. The bodies, which are by the exhibiting firm, are grand examples of coach-building, and are typical of what old and long-experienced coach-builders can effect in motor-body work when they turn their attention to this branch of their art.

*Luxurious Lanchesters.* The Lanchester car, by its unique design, the engineering genius embodied in its production, its sweetness, docility, quietude, and comfort, has earned a very special place amongst the automobiles of to-day. Truly indeed do these cars merit the above alliterative qualification. It is a thousand pities that the exigencies of the ballot have resulted in restricting the company's exhibit to such narrow dimensions that full justice is far

from being done to their three splendid models. For instance, they are able to show the engine only of their 50-h.p. car, but as this is quite a departure in Lanchester design it arouses great interest. Separate yet junctioned cylinders, one cam and ignition-shaft under and in the vertical plane of the crank-shaft, magneto and pump skew-driven on cross-shaft, gear-driven fan, entire absence of visible water-pipes and connections, show that however

much Lanchester design may diverge from the type it is always original. The 20 and 28-h.p. models, with engine dividing the footboard, and carrying most luxurious and beautifully finished bodies, are shown. Forced lubrication at high pressure, thermo syphonic water-circulation and special silent valve-action are great Lanchester features.

*The Hutchinson Tyre.*

This tyre, which enjoys in France a reputation second to none, will be found in its various treads and sizes on Stand 269 in the Gallery. It is now rapidly making headway in this country, and visitors to the stand will not have far to seek for the reason. The briefest examination of the material and construction will convince the most sceptical. Rubber of the highest quality is used unsparingly, together with a fabric which is ruthlessly tested before being made up. The literature disseminated at the stand gives testimony to long use of these tyres. The actual rubber tread is  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. in thickness, a protective covering which repels most things, and conduces to long tyre-life. The Hutchinson wood-fibre steel-studded non-skid, in which the studs are retained by specially hardened plates of compressed fibre, which shield



THE NEW £220 "JACKSON RACER," SHOWN BY THE CHELSEA MOTOR GARAGE;  
MR. C. A. MACRAE AT THE WHEEL.

The Chelsea Garage (of 85, King's Road, Chelsea) have taken the entire immediate output of this model, which is priced at £220, complete with lamps, horn, tools, etc. The specification is as follows: "Genuine 1908 De Dion M.O.V., 8-9-h.p. Gear-box with Renault license plate. Three speeds forward and reverse. Direct on top. Large petrol-tank at back holds eight gallons. Transverse back spring. Control levers on quadrant above steering-wheel. Speed up to 40 miles an hour on top."

Photograph by Argent Archer.

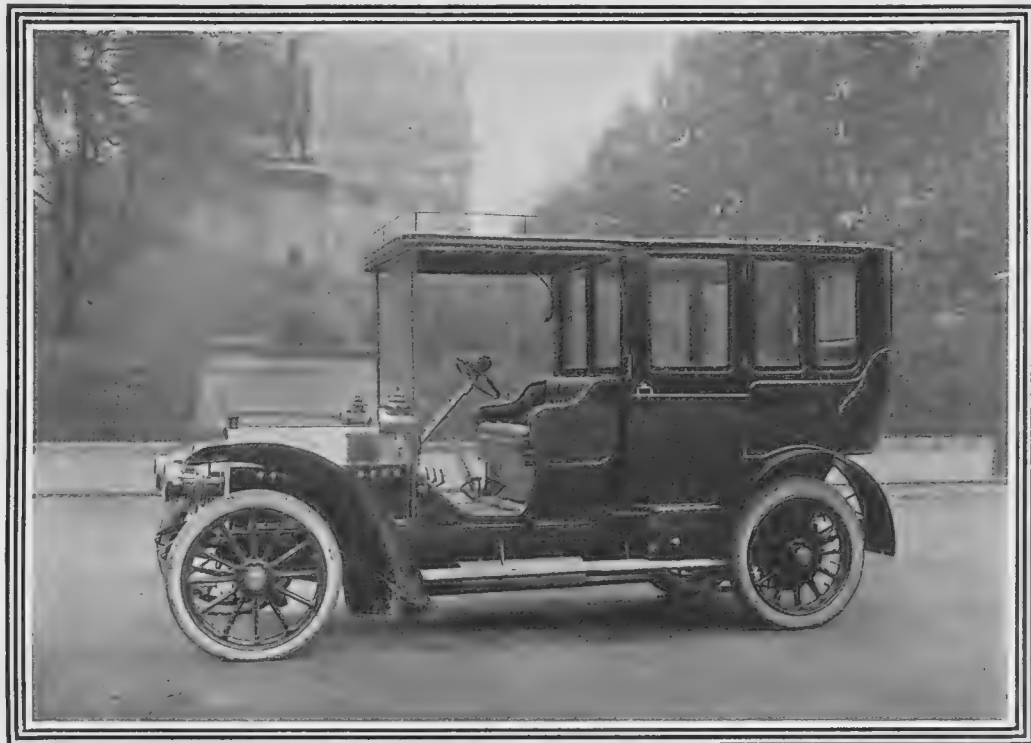


the tread and save the rubber, are quite worth inspection. The wood fibre, being a good non-conductor, prevents the tyre from heating up.

*The Desirable  
De Dietrichs:  
A New Type.*

If these renowned cars had no reputation of their own, the bare fact that they are fathered by so practical a motorist as Mr. W. Letts would inspire the public with confidence in their reliability. But, as good wine needs no bush, De Dietrich cars do not even require to shelter themselves under the ægis of this expert's motoring reputation. On Stand 61 are found one 28-38-h.p. and one 14-18-h.p. chassis, together with three more cars of similar powers, and one 40-h.p., carrying limousine and landaulet bodies by famous coach-builders of this country and the Continent—Kellner and Mulliner are names to conjure with in this respect. All three powers of chassis have 4-cylinder engines, ignited by current from low-tension magnetos, automatically advanced by and in proportion to the speed of the engine. An interestingly designed metallic disc-clutch is provided and fitted with an adjustable spring tension, which ensures sweet take-up and immediate disengagement. In the gear-box four speeds are provided for, and (a novel and interesting feature) both third and fourth speeds are direct from the engine to the countershaft. Ball-bearings obtain throughout the chassis. Four brakes are fitted—two pedal-applied on the countershaft and one on each road-wheel hub, side-lever-applied in the usual way. The lubrication is automatic. A new type is the 14-18-h.p. four-cylinder propeller shaft-drive, with high-tension magneto ignition. The same clutch is used, and four forward speeds, with gate-change, are provided. The frame can be supplied either straight or curved—the latter for very low bodies. On Stand 95 we find the 20-30-h.p. Lorraine-Dietrich, designed particularly for English roads. Its long, low frame permits the mounting of either a town or a touring body. It has live-axle drive and a back axle of very robust design, with road-wheels running on the axle casings. The control is through the throttle, by lever or pedal, at will. The bore of the cylinders is 110 mm., and the stroke

stand upon which are found a 30-h.p. live-axle chassis fitted with a Blackdown type of landaulet body, a 42-h.p. car with Aston type of landaulet, a similar chassis with a Hazlewood phaeton body, and a 42-h.p. 11 ft. 6 in. wheel-base, carrying a Longleat body. All these vehicles were built throughout by the Daimler Company, and assuredly do them honour. But special interest will centre more or less in the 30-h.p. 9 ft. 6 in. wheel-base live-axle chassis, in



A 45-H.P. MERCEDES, FITTED WITH LIMOUSINE COACHWORK,  
EXHIBITED BY DUCROS MERCEDES, LTD.

The coachwork is a magnificent type by Lawton, is painted chocolate colour, is upholstered in grey corded cloth, and is fitted with electric light and all the latest refinements.—[Photograph by Argent Archer.]

which the Daimler engine is now built, with an enclosed cam-shaft and gears for the ensurance of quietude and freedom from dust. The finely executed crank-shaft is carried in five bearings in lieu of three, as heretofore, the end and centre bearings being of quite exceptional length. Moreover, the crank-shaft is made with hollow crank-pins, which increases the bearing-areas of the big ends of the

connecting-rods, lightens the engine, and adds strength and stiffness to the shaft. Ignition by accumulators, with four coils, one serving each cylinder, is retained, each coil being in series with one sparking-plug and placed just above the cylinder-heads, with the laudable intention of shortening the high-tension leads to the uttermost, and using a low-tension distributor, so reducing the possibilities of shorting and current-leakage to a vanishing point. A particular feature of the live-axle Daimler is the application of the brake that operates through the gear by means of the side lever; while the brakes taking effect upon the brake-drums on the driving-wheels are applied by a pedal on the footboard. The adjustment is quite simple and effective. The road-wheels deserve special attention by reason of the extreme strength of their design, and the entire absence of bosses, bolts, etc., which allows the wheels to be easily cleaned. The gear-box, with four speeds forward, ball-bearing shafts, including selecting gear, is a fine engineering job, worthy in every way of the works from which it emanates. The third speed is direct, and the fourth geared—the most approved practice. The back-axle casing is a fine example of one-piece pressed-steel work, and it is so fitted up that the bevel driving-gear and

differential can be dismounted and withdrawn without disturbing the road-wheels. In the chain-drive chassis there is direct drive on the third speed, with two spirally toothed wheels in lieu of bevels, one driving the countershaft direct on the third speed, and the other when the first, second, and fourth speeds are engaged. The chains run in oil-tight and dust-proof aluminium chain-cases, and are constructed on frame members so as to form efficient radius-rods, adjustable by means of eccentrics. The adoption of



A 40-H.P. DE DIETRICH, SUPPLIED TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND BY LORRAINE-DIETRICH, LTD.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

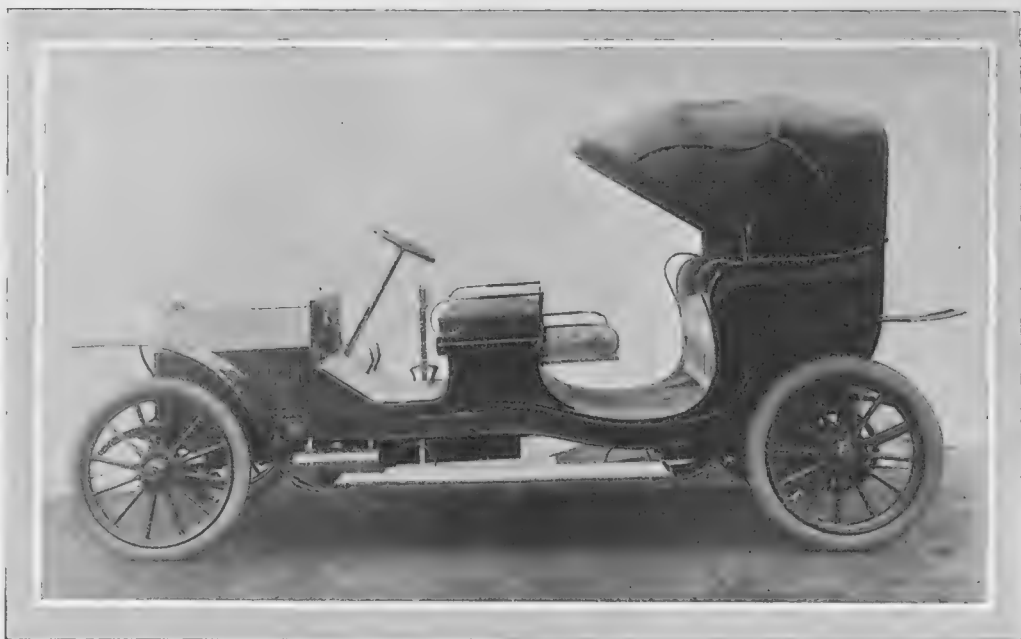
130 mm. At the moderate price of £550 for the chassis, this car should "catch on" in this country.

*The Daimlers!* The wonderfully consistent performances of the Daimler cars during the past three seasons (in which they have proved, and trebly proved, their reliability, efficiency, simplicity, ease of control; all together with moderation in price) attract crowds of interested spectators to the finely decorated

the spiral gearing and these chain-casings should effectually silence the drive.

**British Mercédès.** The four-cylinder 35-h.p. British and Colonial Daimler-Mercédès chassis, and the six-cylinder 60-h.p. of that ilk, which will be found on Stand No. 119, shown by the British and Colonial Daimler-Mercédès Syndicate, Limited, of 532, Oxford Street, attract considerable interest. They are exactly what their name sets out—namely, cars built in one of the best engineering works in this country to Daimler-Mercédès lines. An opportunity is here offered of comparing the work of the native with the production of the alien, and experts are fain to say that the former does not suffer by the comparison. The prices of these two finely finished cars are also attractive, seeing that the 35-h.p., complete with phaeton body, is sold for £750, and the six-cylinder 60-h.p. similarly bodied can be obtained for £950.

**A Six-Cylinder Delaunay-Belleville.** When it is realised that a great engineering firm like Messrs. Delaunay-Belleville, whose automobiles are as well known and as widely appreciated to-day as their boilers, have designed, built, and are putting upon the market a six-cylinder 15-h.p. chassis, who shall blame Mr. S. F. Edge if, looking round Olympia to-day, he murmurs, "I told you so." Much interest will be taken in this departure on the part of the well-known house, for it brings the highest-class and most luxuriously running form of petrol-car within the reach of the man of comparatively moderate means. This 15-h.p. six-cylinder chassis will be sold at £540. Yet another six-cylinder chassis, a 40-h.p., is shown—of course much higher priced. The engine of the 15-h.p. has its cylinders cast in groups of three, is 85 mm. bore and 120 mm. stroke, the valves, both induction and exhaust, being arranged on one side of the engine, rendering one cam-shaft only necessary. A high-tension magneto is used, this unit, with the water-pump, being accessibly placed in front of the engine, which is lubricated by a positive pump-feed of oil to the bearings. The carburetter has the double atomising cone in effect with the two gas-currents. The leather-faced, coned clutch is absolutely carried and slides on an extension of the crank-shaft, ensuring precise alignment. The gear-box is considerably reduced in size, and has very short shafts with four forward speeds. The Delaunay-Belleville chassis shown are grand examples of automobile engineering.



A 22-H.P. CURVED-FRAME BERLIET, WITH AN EASY ENTRANCE.—VICTORIA COACHWORK BY MESSRS. MULLINER, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

*A Much-Studied Design.*

A car shown which will more than repay careful inspection both by the professional and amateur automobile engineer is the 25-h.p. Hillman-Coatalan. Those who were present at the Tourist Trophy Race in May last will remember that per circuit times this car, driven by its designer, was far and away the fastest car in the race, for it



THE 40-50-H.P. 1908 SIX-CYLINDER HOTCHKISS CHASSIS, SHOWN AT OLYMPIA BY THE LONDON AND PARISIAN MOTOR COMPANY.

completed the first round in 1 hour 4 min. 39 sec., encompassing an average speed of 37.4 miles per hour, the next fastest car for one round being the 16-20-h.p. Beeston-Humber, which achieved the second round in 1 hour 11 min. 29 sec. = 33.8 miles per hour. The four-cylinder engine has its cylinders cast separately, bore and stroke being 5 in., with opposed valve-chambers. The top half of the crank-chamber is cast with webs to the bracket-

arms, which entirely cover the spaces round the engine, and two systems of ignition are provided—Simms-Bosch high-tension magneto and the high-tension accumulator system; either system can be used independently. A refinement is discovered in the clutch-striking fork, auto ball-bearings being introduced to reduce friction to the uttermost when declutching. It should be noted that the pedal-applied brake-shoes are carried from the gear-box, so that no stress is set up between gear-box and car-frame when this brake is applied. By the care exercised in the design of this car, weight has been kept down, while strength is by no means lost where it is really required. Complete with side-entrance body, this car weighs 21 cwt. only.

**Gregoire Cars:** Recognising that the public taste is trending in the direction of

reasonable powers at reasonable prices, it may truthfully be said that considerable attention is and will be given to the various types of the well-known and much-appreciated Gregoire cars, which are shown by Messrs. Osborn and Co., Limited, at Stand 156, just within the Annexe. They are shown in four powers—an 8-h.p. two-cylinder, which is also turned out in racing form at a slightly increased cost, and makes a fine little sporting car; an 8-10-h.p. two-cylinder, taking a comfortable four-seated body; a 10-14-h.p. four-cylinder, a fine light car, and one likely to suit the most critical; and a 16-20-h.p., suitable for the carriage of heavy town bodies and capable of high speeds. In examining these cars it is evident that the Gregoire firm have long specialised in light cars and voiturettes.



Photo, 'Argent Archer'.

THE 20-H.P. DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE SUPPLIED TO THE KING OF SPAIN FOR HIS MAJESTY'S USE DURING HIS VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.



# A LOVER OF SPAIN.

SOMETHING ABOUT MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT AND HIS WORK.

IN the course of a comparatively short space of time—he is still well on the right side of forty—Mr. Albert F. Calvert has made his mark in several walks of life. The man in the street knows him as an enthusiastic yachtsman and automobilist, and as a racehorse-owner who has enjoyed a considerable measure of success on the turf; while to the reading public he is familiar as the author of many books, all of which have won well-merited popularity, while not a few are destined to achieve more than ephemeral success. His "Discovery of Australia," and "The Exploration of Australia," in two handsome volumes, are accepted as standard works on the subjects of which they treat. In 1896 he supplemented these books by despatching from Geraldton the Calvert Scientific Exploring Expedition, to traverse the unexplored region of Central Australia, from Cue to Kimberley. This enterprise, which cost Mr. Calvert many thousands of pounds, was placed by him under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society of Australia, and was acknowledged to be the most perfectly selected and equipped expedition ever sent out to do the work of Australian exploration.

Travel may be said to be Mr. Calvert's besetting hobby, and practically the whole of his literary output has been inspired by the experiences, the philosophy, and the economic and social theories of life that he has acquired on his extensive wanderings. He has made four prolonged visits to Australia, circumnavigating the island continent, penetrating far into the interior, and cruising among the islands of the Southern Archipelago. He has journeyed in North America and Canada, in South Africa and Ceylon; he knows his Europe from the fjords to the Straits of Messina, from St. Petersburg to Cadiz. As a schoolboy he made a holiday visit to Spain, but it was not until eight years ago that he resumed his acquaintance with the land of the Dons. Since then he has made a score of trips to the land of King Alfonso, and has been accepted, in the words of a celebrated Spanish writer, as "a whole-hearted lover of Spain, a fervent friend, an enthusiastic admirer of our beloved country."

As a writer, Mr. Calvert is something more than entertaining—he has enthusiasm for his subject and a personality which enables him to impress that enthusiasm upon his readers. Other authors may write with knowledge and good judgment, even with sympathy, and yet lack what the *Pull Mall Gazette* has described in Mr. Calvert as the ability to infect the most hostile reader with his peculiar partialities. In 1900 he published his "Impressions of Spain," in which he revealed not only a wide and appreciative knowledge of the country, but a masterly understanding of the Spanish point of view.

Since that time Mr. Calvert's sympathies and interests have been largely bound up with those of Spain, and he has published at frequent intervals his sumptuous volumes on "The Alhambra" and "Moorish Remains in Spain"—both of which have run into a second edition—a "Life of Cervantes," "Summer in San Sebastian"—which is a fascinating account of a yachting

cruise in the Northern Spanish seas—and two beautifully illustrated works, published privately and by special permission of the Spanish Court, dealing respectively with the first visit of Alfonso XIII. to England, and with the marriage of his Majesty and Princess Ena of Battenberg. The latter volume, with its many coloured illustrations and its 300 photographs and plates, is a unique publication.

During the whole time that Mr. Calvert was employed upon these books his mind was engaged with a project he had conceived for exhaustively illustrating Spain. At first the idea was vague and elusive, but he continued to make copious notes, to accumulate a library of authorities on the history, the cities, the monuments, and the painters of Spain, and to acquire at various times and in all parts of the country a collection of pictorial material which now amounts to nearly fifteen thousand photographs. With this foundation to build upon, he matured his plans for the compilation of his new Spanish series. In consultation with his publisher, who readily agreed to produce the work, it was arranged to prepare and make a first issue of sixteen volumes, which should illustrate Spain on a scale that has never been attempted in connection with any other country.

Eight of these volumes, handsomely bound in the familiar red-and-gold colours of Spain, are already out, and are calculated to give English readers a most comprehensive survey of this fascinating land and to convey a clear idea of its historic greatness. The get-up of the books is in every way worthy of a series of this magnitude—a series which, as one reviewer has said, could not have been carried out by another living author; and the lavish abundance of the plates with which they are illustrated is evidence that the books could not have been produced at the price that is charged for them. Mr. Calvert, as has been said, is an enthusiastic advocate, who has spared neither effort nor money to attain his object; and if his reward from a pecuniary standpoint will

be represented by a minus quantity, he will have the satisfaction of the assurance that he has done more to reveal the land he loves to his own countrymen than any other English writer.

As one reads Mr. Calvert's well-informed and entertaining pages one feels that the country must be accounted fortunate which can awaken the enthusiasm of a writer who possesses at once the ability and the means to give such artistic expression to his admiration. For, in his desire to illustrate Spain, he combines with perfect taste and an untiring determination to include every picture that will add completeness to his project, a sympathy that is all too seldom apparent in the books of men who write of foreign countries. It may be said that to Mr. Calvert Spain can scarcely be regarded as a foreign country, for he instinctively looks upon all things Spanish with Spanish eyes. He exults in her glorious past; he delights in the new movement which has brought her into line with other European countries; he contemplates her future with the optimism of a prophet. He is in love with his subject—the love which is based on perfect understanding; his purpose is to compel his readers to share that love with him.



A LOVER OF SPAIN: MR. ALBERT F. CALVERT, WHOSE NEW BOOKS ON SPAIN ARE NOW BEING PUBLISHED.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Adventurous Englishwomen.

To travel in unexplored and outlandish places has always been a hobby of Englishwomen, and it is certain that they will pursue this form of enterprise as long as there is a desert left to cross or an island to discover. Often women travellers have a more highly developed sense of humour than their masculine prototypes, and hence the record of their wayfaring in remote lands is more diverting than that of the well-informed youth or the earnest missionary who publish the result of their travels. Mary Kingsley's adventures in West Africa and Edith Durham's in Western Albania are easily first among books of travel in point of entertainment and gay philosophy, added to real observation and information. And now comes Miss Mary Hall with the tale of her amazing journeyings from the Cape to Cairo—a feat which no other woman (and only one or two men) has ever accomplished. This urbane traveller proceeded on the lines of Lady Cecilia Wayneffete in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," making friends with the most unpromising barbarians and carrying the thing through by trusting everybody and going absolutely unarmed. Yet, without the aid of lethal weapons, Miss Hall seems to have kept adequate discipline among her troop of black "boys," as well as to have received the most cheerful devotion, by the modest reward of cigarettes. Indeed, one gathers from these books of travel that it is, on the whole, less hazardous for a lady to cross Central Africa without a white companion than it is for her to live in a lonely cottage in our English shires, or even in a flat in London accessible to burglars.

### The Suppression of Noise.

The lady in Whitechapel who died the other day from cerebral hæmorrhage, caused by noise, was the first martyr to the clattering, grinding conditions of our modern life. Doubtless, countless persons have been hurried to their end before by the same means, but the cause of their demise has not been neatly ticketed by a coroner's jury. Now that we know that any of us, at any moment, may perish through motor-vans or street "music," we shall probably take steps to suppress some of the superfluous sounds of our Metropolis. For the new noises which we have invented in the twentieth century are far more nerve and brain-shattering than the old. It is years since I heard the thrilling and sinister squeak of "Mr. Punch," but a trail of derelict motor-omnibuses in the road opposite keeps me expectantly awake till they, too, finally go home to bed. The problem of the future is the final suppression of noise.

### Inconsolable Bachelors.

A number of inconsolable bachelors are writing to the papers from well-known clubs bewailing their enforced celibacy. They constantly, they declare, offer their hands to ladies who are cruel enough to decline their proposals, and so they have to fall back on the club smoking-room for companionship, and on the dining-room of the same establishment for their daily bread. Yet, with such a superfluity of

petticoats in this island, one wonders whether these plaintive tales can be altogether true. There are, of course, a certain number of men in town who notoriously have proposed to everybody, and whom everyone has refused. In these cases, no woman is bold enough to gather for herself the despised and rejected flower; yet, seeing the number of seemingly unattractive individuals who are happy husbands and fathers, one is inclined to think that Woman—for her own inscrutable reasons—is not too critical and very rarely unkind when *le bon motif* is in question. Meanwhile, we may be sure these inconsolable bachelors will make themselves thoroughly comfortable by the smoking-room fire, with something effervescing in a glass and a copy of the latest novel with a sulphur-yellow paper back.

### The Increasing Cost of Wives.

One of the reasons of the army of bachelors in our midst is the ridiculous cost of keeping a wife. Women have become of late so outrageously extravagant in dress that they have defeated their own ends, and the men they attract with their fripperies and andalals admire them at a respectful distance, and show an ungallant desire to avoid "paying the bill." Dress has become a mania, almost a form of disease. I know women who cannot pass a hat-shop, just as a tippler cannot pass a public-house. They buy they know not why, casting aside the favourite headgear of yesterday into outer darkness, and putting on something else in wire and velvet which, though hideously unbecoming, has the pleasing attribute of being new. It is argued that wanton outlay in dress is good for trade; but if it is, it is very bad for the gentlemen in Doctors' Commons who dispense marriage licenses. It is notorious that polygamy, as an institution, grew into disrepute in Utah when a man's dozen wives, in true American fashion, all wanted gowns from the Rue de la Paix at once. It is possible that monagamous marriage is growing unpopular for precisely the same reasons.

### Luxuries are Cheap To-day.

Meanwhile the women-folk will retort that, though all the necessities of life are steadily rising in price, the luxuries are going down. Motor-cars are getting cheaper and better every year, while diamond tiaras and sapphire chains—as they take care to point out to their husbands—have never been so moderate in price. Ancient historic mansions are to be had

all over the country for a mere song by any alien millionaire who can afford to keep them up. You can cross the Atlantic during the winter months in a first-class cabin on a Cunard "flyer" for the paltry outlay of fifteen pounds. Festively inclined persons may now spend their Saturday to Monday in Paris for some astonishingly moderate disbursement. In short, if bread, bacon, and cheese show an alarming tendency to rise, people will take cheap tickets to the Riviera or Egypt to escape from their swelling household bills, for it is the last straw which breaks the householder's—as well as the camel's—back, and luxuries, as we see, are extraordinarily cheap to-day.



A COAT AND SKIRT IN THE NEW TAN CLOTH SKETCHED  
AT FISHER'S, 215-217, REGENT STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

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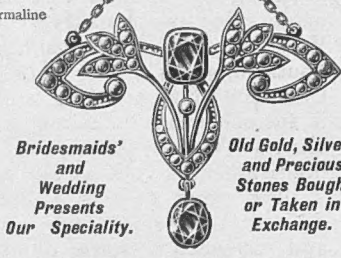
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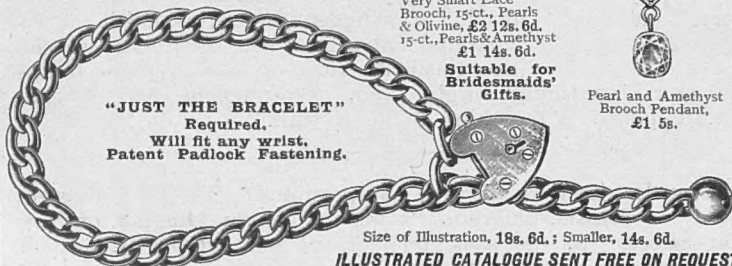
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## THE WOMAN - ABOUT - TOWN.

THE Queen of Portugal, a lady who is just adored in her own country, is here to see her youngest sister wedded to King Alfonso's widower brother-in-law. Their Majesties of Spain and Norway, with their Crown Princes, are here for an outing, and the German Emperor, after his State visit, will stay here for a rest. The German Empress dresses handsomely, with a due regard to the changes of fashion without slavishly following them. She always looks well turned out. The Queen of Portugal dresses smartly, using the very latest of the fashions that suit her, and she has the appearance of a *chic* Frenchwoman. Her sister, the Duchess of Aosta, who is among the forty princely guests at Wood Norton, is one of the best-dressed, tallest, and handsomest Princesses in Europe. The Queens of Spain and Norway we know all about.

There is a German and an English royal party at Windsor Castle, and there is a French and a Spanish royal party at Wood Norton, so that I think this autumn we are International England. All our own royal people are in the neighbourhood of Windsor; the King likes to have all his relatives round him for a State visit, as is that of the Kaiser and Kaiserin.

It seems to me that we are steadily regaining our prestige for first-rate tailor-built dressing. For a time our first-rate tailors were tempted from the way of the strapped seam and the long flat line into paths of frivolity and millinery. It was we who tempted them, even as at the beginning of things one of us tempted the man. Now we have repented us of such ways, and go back to the severity and simplicity of the tailor-made. At Fisher's, 215-217, Regent Street, our artist has drawn a charming coat and skirt for autumn wear. This is one of the firms that withstood us manfully, and although at our behest they made us millinery, yet they tailored away all the time and kept enough of our erratic sex in line to save a style that is essentially British.

The coat and skirt which will be found illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page, is in a special tan cloth like tweed, which the firm has introduced with great success; the coat has a collar of brown velvet, and two flat seams pass over the shoulders, finished with three little tabs of velvet. This neat little trimming is introduced

on the cuffs, and the coat opens in front, showing a single-breasted waistcoat of tan cloth. The short skirt is pleated and strapped, and has tabs of velvet charmingly introduced. It is a very quiet, practical, and stylish autumn costume.

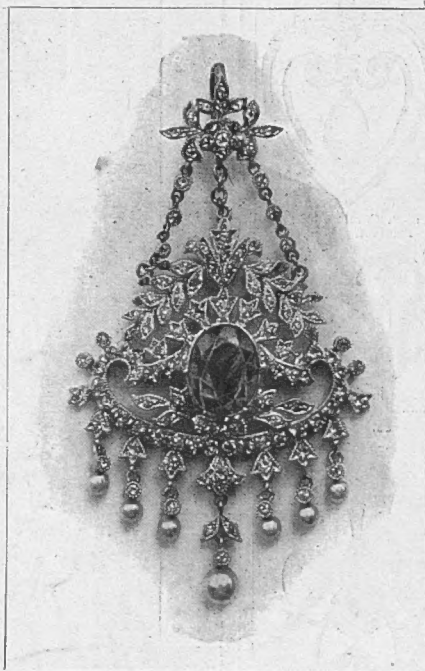
Princess Marie Bonaparte, who is to be married at Athens during the last week of this month to handsome, stalwart Prince George of Greece, is having a sensationally fine trousseau, the cost of which will be £60,000!

The secret of doing without elaborate meals, and therefore without costly and troublesome cooks, seems to be solved absolutely by Lemco stall at the Cookery and Food Exhibition, where a wee jar is shown to have made thirty-two breakfast-cups of bouillon. When one thinks that this highly concentrated nourishment is from cattle of the Lemco Company's own breeding, and that their stock is 200,000 head, including animals from the King's Windsor farms, we know that the nourishment is good as well as concentrated.

The other day as I entered a friend's dining-room I smelt such a nice clean smell and saw such a scene of brightness in the flickering firelight of a dull November day, that I said, "You do smell clean and look bright!" Said my hostess: "That is the result of Nugget furniture-polish. My treasured Eliza has been busy with it; she says this is the time of year to make things

shine and keep things bright, and, according to her, Nugget furniture-polish is the thing to do it with."

In our last issue we ascribed our portrait of the Hon. Margaret Dawnay to Messrs. Lafayette; it was by Messrs. Langfier, of New Bond Street. In the same number, the photograph of Gwrych should have been credited to Messrs. Frith.



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